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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK.)

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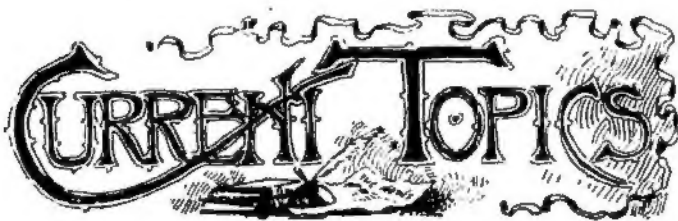
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17th AUGUST, 1889.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

We are obliged to go to press without having the whole of our Wimbledon illustrations ready. They will consequently be distributed over two numbers. The balance of the subjects announced appearing next week.



Canadians may return thanks that, though the laws of the Dominion are occasionally broken, they are not openly defied by organized brigandage. If the outrage that befel the passengers of the sleeping car attached the Wabash Western express had been perpetrated in Bulgaria, Asia Minor or Greece, we might wonder at the obstinacy with which certain forms of outlawry lingered in the bandit's traditional haunts. But that in the heart of new world civilization, in the very fortress of freedom, the people's highway should be beset by robbers so audacious that their word takes the place of law and is far more efficacious in winning compliance and enforcing their claims than any legal officer demanding acknowledged dues, is a state of things that offers abundant food for reflection. The terrors inspired by those armed brigands who work their will on honest travellers by a variant of the old highwayman's challenge are surely little consonant with that freedom which is founded on order. As usual, successful and unpunished crime prompted fresh villainies, and the Harlem "hold up" was followed by a number of others still more desperate. The United States authorities will have to use more vigilance or railway travel will become as hazardous as an African expedition.

Halifax is to be congratulated on the success of its carnival. The organizers omitted no feature that would enhance its attractions. In undertaking such an enterprise they had, indeed, much in their favour. To Nova Scotia's capital nature has been exceptionally bountiful. The scenery has characteristics peculiarly gratifying to the lover of the beautiful. The history of the place is not lacking in romance, and in the city and surrounding country there are many spots worth visiting for their association with a twofold past. The proximity of the sea adds to the charms of coastline and interior, and the naval demonstration, combined with military displays, to delight the pageant-loving eye and suggest memories of many a "famous victory." The outlay on such holiday-making is by no means a fruitless expenditure. Those who saw Halifax in its gala season will never be at a loss for pleasant and kindly remembrances of people and place, while the citizens who vied with each other in doing the honours of their common home will find in that co-operation and its well-earned triumphs a wholesome impulse to fresh endeavour in those daily

tasks, the faithful discharge of which is the surest basis of progress and prosperity.

There is one point in connection with the Halifax carnival, the St. John celebration, and other like events of the present summer on which we are tempted to dwell with a pride which, we trust, is not unreasonable. We mean the share of the newspapers in insuring their success. How much the winter carnivals of this city were indebted for their large and merited popularity to the efforts of the Montreal press our readers will, we are sure, be glad to acknowledge. That journals should have aided in promoting any movement which would arouse the latent energy, invention and ambition of the community and direct the public mind to new sources of profit, health and happiness is not to be wondered at. The gain of the people is their gain. As the country grows more wealthy and vigorous, their chances of bettering their condition correspondingly improve. The tone of the live journal is, therefore, a tone of encouragement. But aspiration often outruns achievement, and the most noteworthy features of our carnivals and other similar celebrations—such as the grand procession in antique costume of 1884 and the Jacques Cartier memorial ceremonies of last June—is that the reality transcended the forecast. For this result, we are inclined to think, our newspapers can justly claim a part of the credit. The illustrated editions issued on those occasions were, as a whole, remarkably good. Indeed, we may venture to say (without invidious discrimination), that some of them were comparable to anything of the kind that this continent has produced.

The regret has often been expressed that Canada has hitherto failed to give continued and paying support to the higher class of periodical. This is, certainly, to be deplored. It is, however, some compensation that the daily press (both French and English) devotes a good deal of space to literary subjects. For some time past this phase of Canadian journalism has been becoming more marked. Nearly all the best city papers and several of the country journals have on their staff of writers literary men who keep the public fairly informed as to what is going on in the world of letters. We have, moreover, at least one good literary journal. If the *Week* were published in the United States or in England, we would probably learn more (in Canada) of its merits. Abroad, it takes deserved rank among the leading expositors of the thought, taste and tendencies of our time, and at home it is prized by those whose favourable judgment is worth having. But it is not rash to say that, were it published in New York or Boston or London, its circulation would be ten times as great as it is. Meanwhile, it has, we rejoice to know, made good its hold on the affections of a sufficient number of Canadian readers to assure it against premature demise.

France may feel some self-reproach for having forfeited, in a moment of weakness, her share in the dual control of Egyptian affairs. But her sentimental soreness is not without its compensations. England's responsibilities have been excessively weighty. The prestige of being the power behind the Khedive's throne can hardly atone for the sacrifice of the brave soldiers that fell fighting for a doubtful cause. The shade of Gordon, like the spectral Banquo, interrupts with gloomy memories any self-complacent survey of triumphs achieved by British influence. And Gordon comes not alone. Many a valiant fellow—officer, sergeant and private,

some of them among the bravest of the brave—left his bones on the desert sand, from the disastrous day of Hicks Pasha's defeat to the last encounter with the fanatic Dervishes. The consciousness of superiority and the moral certainty of ultimate success may mitigate, but it cannot annul, the grievous sorrow which this vague struggle has brought to countless homes. Even the news of victory has, for the most part, more terrors than joys, so Cadmean has been almost every advantage gained in this war with men who fear not the death which they inflict. It is, however, satisfactory to learn that in his victorious and apparently decisive battle at Toski with Wad-el-Juni, Gen. Grenfell's losses, notwithstanding the desperate and obstinate resistance of the Soudanese, was comparatively slight. The Egyptians fought with great courage.

Mrs. Spragge, without in any sense assuming the tone of a partisan, has dealt candidly and fairly with the Chinese problem—that vexed question of the Pacific coast. Her conclusions coincide, in the main, with those reached by the Commission of 1884 (consisting of the Hon. Mr. Chapleau and the late Hon. J. H. Gray), as contained in the voluminous Report of its inquiries. The Chinese are quick at learning and industrious. Morally, they are like other races, divided into good, bad and indifferent. There is a class of them that it is well to keep aloof from. There is another class which is, on the whole, as faithful and as trustworthy as the respectable workmen of any nationality. Like other people, they improve under good treatment, deteriorate under bad. That the European and American labourer should resent their importation is not to be wondered at, but it is well established that many employers, in California and elsewhere, who pretended to join in the outcry against them, were, at the same time, secretly availing themselves of "Chinese cheap labour." On the whole, when it is considered that they do not, and probably never will, assimilate with western civilization, and that charity begins at home, it is as well that their influx should be restricted as far as is consistent with the general welfare and with international fair play.

If we believe certain writers, the Chinese have really a prior claim to the occupation of the Pacific coast region. Mr. Edward P. Vining wrote a bulky volume in which he gathered into compact and appreciable form all the evidence in favour of the discovery of America, in the fifth century, by a party of Buddhists under Chinese leadership. According to the Chinese record on which this theory is based, the missionaries, adventurers or explorers having started from the mainland opposite the northern part of the Island of Formosa, made their way along the coast till they came to the Aleutian isles, which they skirted as far as the Alaskan peninsula, whence they cruised past British Columbia, and kept on southwards as far as Central America. That Japanese junks have been forced by the thermal ocean-current called the Kuro-Siwo across the Pacific even to California rests, we understand, on indisputable testimony. Nevertheless, neither the Johns nor Japs have as yet made good their claims to the honours of the great Cristoforo.

Vitus Behring, who gave his name to the sea about which we have been hearing so much of late, was by birth a Dane, but at a comparatively early age he entered the Russian service. Peter the Great, who was then on the throne, being constantly on the look-out for foreigners of capacity who could help in organizing his navy. After taking part in

the wars of the time, Behring was entrusted, in 1725, with a scientific expedition to Kamtschatka. It was while thus engaged that he verified the fact that Asia and America were separated by water. In 1741 he made a second voyage to the same waters and made some further discoveries. This expedition proved disastrous, however, for Behring and his crew, being disabled by sickness and trying in vain to make their way to Kamtschatka, were wrecked on the island now called Behring, and there the great explorer breathed his last.

The Hon. Mr. Abbott, whose mission to Australia we were glad to announce some weeks ago, will leave England on the 22nd inst. for his destination via Canada. It is satisfactory to know that Mr. Abbott's negotiations with the agents of the Australian colonies in London were in every way encouraging and that he will start on his journey with good hope of fulfilling the important objects with the attainment of which the Government has entrusted him.

THE BEHRING SEA DISPUTE.

While the account of the great naval review at Spithead is calculated to arouse patriotic pride in the heart of every loyal citizen of the Empire, it is impossible to ignore the coincidence that at the very moment when "the most magnificent naval pageant of modern times" was eliciting the admiration of thousands, a British sealing vessel was fleeing for refuge to the harbour of Victoria. The seizure of the Black Diamond by United States revenue men did not happen without warning. The authorities of Washington had announced their intention of dealing strictly with any foreign craft that should infringe on their pretended rights in the waters of Behring Sea. There was, indeed, a degree of vagueness as to the exact purport of the President's proclamation and the character of the claims that it implied. It was known, however, that Congress had passed a law extending to American waters in Behring Sea the same protection over the seal and other fur-bearing animals as that which was accorded to the waters of Alaska. Certain comments in the American press seemed to indicate that the interdiction thus proclaimed had the sanction of Great Britain. But the whole question was involved in such obscurity that the most hazy notions prevailed on both sides of the border as to the aim, character and extent of the prohibition. One thing, however, was clear enough: the effect of the proclamation on the sealers of British Columbia was embarrassing and injurious. They felt themselves menaced by seizure, confiscation and other penalties in the pursuit of their calling, and though they were assured again and again that the powers of interdiction arrogated by the Washington Government had no foundation in any treaty or in international law, they could not rid their minds of apprehension in undertaking their usual operations. Some of them were deterred from venturing within the pale of the controverted sealing grounds, thus losing the chances of sharing in the season's best catch. Of the comparatively few who determined to test the sincerity of the American pretensions, the less and the most successful. According to his sworn affidavit, Captain Thomas entered Behring Sea on the 3rd of July, and, after an interval of unfavorable weather, he and his crew found themselves on the 11th right among the seals, with every prospect of a good catch, when they saw the

revenue cutter, Rush, bearing down on them. In the afternoon the Black Diamond was boarded by Lieutenant Tuttle, with three officers and ten men. Captain Thomas refusing to hand over his papers, the aggressors took them by force, as well as 76 salted skins, and the arms and spears used in sealing. The commander of the Rush then placed an able seaman on board the schooner, with written instructions to take it to Sitka and deliver it up to the Customs officer there. Captain Thomas first tried to find the British men-of-war so as to secure their protection; but failing to discover them, he sailed out of Behring Sea on the 15th ult., and (after some delay in searching for sea otter), made for Victoria, which port was reached on the 7th of August. On the way to Unalaska, while looking for the British men-of-war, Captain Thomas passed within sight of the Rush, which, however, took no notice of him. After he had directed his course for Victoria, the blue jacket in charge made a demur, but, the Indians aboard assuming a menacing tone, he made no further objection.

The news of the seizure naturally caused a good deal of excitement and discussion. The press of the United States, Canada and Great Britain made such comments as their respective sympathies and the interests involved suggested to the respective writers. The Washington authorities evidently found themselves in a quandary. Now that the vague pretensions of control over Behring Sea had been affirmed in such a high-handed manner, no member of the cabinet seemed desirous of taking the responsibility in his own person. Inquiries being referred to the Treasury Department, the acting Secretary, in view of its admitted gravity, declined to make any explanation until Mr. Windom's return. In England the seizure caused intense indignation, as well as the wanton outrage as at the apathy on the part of the Government, which had encouraged the Americans in their audacity. Lord Salisbury and his colleagues have, of course, had their apologists; but there is really no excuse for the procrastination of which the Premier and Lord Knutsford were guilty in the face of the repeated appeals for protection of the British Columbia press. It is well to know that the Mother Country has at last awakened to the grave consequences of permitting absurd claims to remain for months undisputed until, taking silence for consent, the pretenders resorted to violence in supporting them. Even, before 1867, when Alaska and the chain of islands that links its peninsula with Asia were in possession of Russia, neither Great Britain nor the United States conceded to that power territorial rights in Behring Sea. That our neighbours should now regard it as a *mare clausum* is, therefore, inconsistent with their own past contention, as well as with common sense. Surely, if Russia, with territory on both continents, had no exclusive rights there, neither, *a fortiori*, can they claim such rights. In fact, a misunderstanding on the question could never have arisen had Great Britain been faithful to the only true principle of Imperial unity and looked upon the interests of British Columbia, as she would look upon those of Kent or Northumberland, of Argyle or Galway. Still it is satisfactory to know that the vexed problem is at last about to have a definite and final settlement, and we hope that, in the negotiations, the losses of the persecuted sealers will not lack consideration.

The price asked for Dickens' house, near Rochester, is £7,000.



The work of photographing the stars of the Northern Hemisphere has been commenced at Mount Vincent with the Harvard thirteen-inch photographic telescope.

Paper has long been made from wood pulp, but it is now manufactured from the sawdust refuse of mills. When tarred and dried it makes an admirable sheathing for houses.

A French chemist has spun nitrated cellulose into artificial silk more wonderful and more beautiful than the well known spun glass. It is coloured at pleasure while in solution, and, after drying, is unaffected by acids, alkalis, hot or cold water, alcohol or ether.

Canada has not been able to make much of its mineral oil deposits, owing to the presence of sulphur in the oil, which caused a disagreeable smell, and fouled the lamps when burning. A means has now been discovered of removing the sulphur, so that the Dominion will no longer require to import great quantities of oil every year from the States, and may even begin to export on its own account.

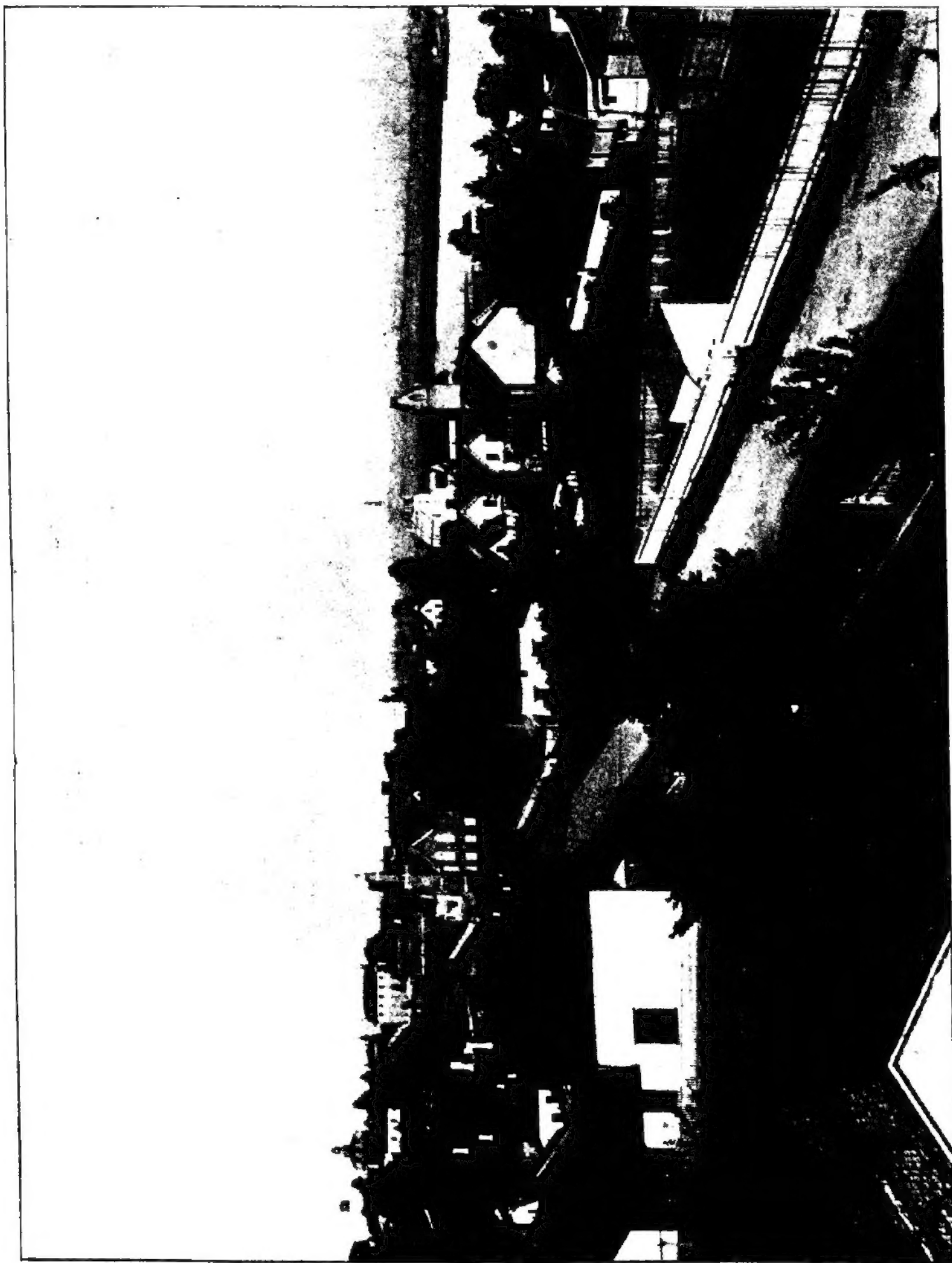
In regard to the natural soap mines of Owens Lake, California, it is said by one of the company now working there that the waters of the lake contain a strong solution of borax and soda. In these waters there breeds a grub that becomes a fly. The flies die in the water and drift ashore, covering the ground to the depth of a foot or more. The oily substance of the flies blends with the borax and soda, and the result is a layer of pure soap. These strata repeated from year to year form the soap mines, where large forces of men are now employed.

An association has been organized in Boston to assist Dr. A. DeBaussett to construct a steel air ship upon the vacuum principle. The ship is to be constructed entirely of thin steel plates of the strongest possible tensile strength, and thoroughly braced inside to resist the pressure of the atmosphere when a partial vacuum is obtained. It is expected to lift 200 passengers and 50 tons of mail or other matter, and also carry all the machinery and apparatus with electrical power sufficient to give the ship a speed of 70 miles an hour. A national subscription is being made to secure the necessary funds—\$250,000. DeBaussett claims his plans are approved by eminent scientists and engineering experts. An attempt was made to get him an appropriation from Congress last year, but failed.

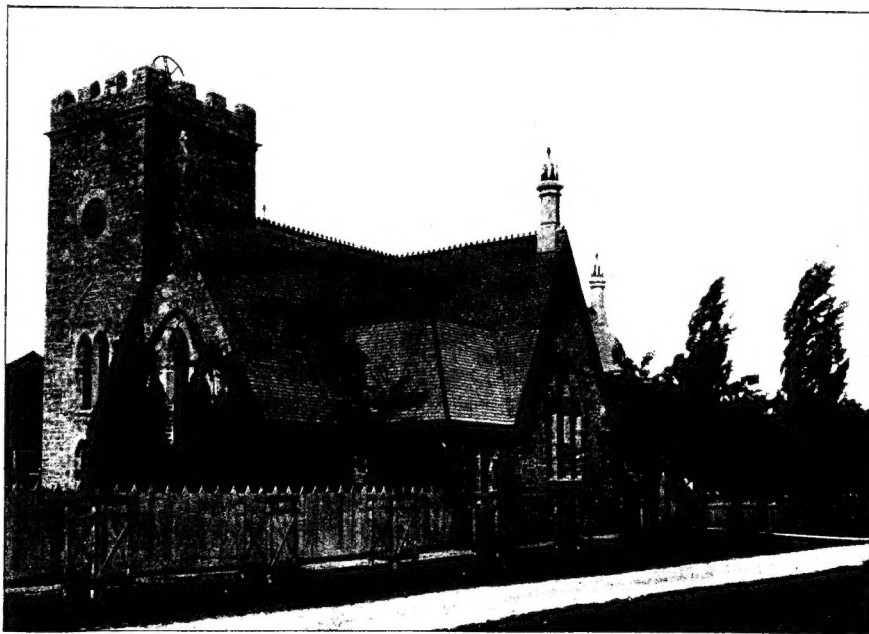
A NEW TEXTILE.—M. Vincent Solis Leon says, in the *Revista de Merida*, that a new textile plant has lately been attracting some attention in Yucatan. The natives recognise it under the name of *stac*. The *stac* grows on the hillsides and in the waste grounds at Yucatan, which are called *cuyos*. The owner of the Xanachan hacienda has sent several pounds of the *stac* fibre to a New York firm, which immediately gave an order for 2,000 bales, offering the price of 15 cents per pound. The fibre, it appears, can be substituted for flax, or be mixed with linen yarn for the manufacture of fine tissues. The *stac* grows like the henbane (sisal hemp). In growing, it successively loses its lower leaves, and forms a trunk which grows to a height of four metres and sends out branches in the manner of a tree. It produces, till its decay, several thousands of fibrous leaves averaging 62 centimetres in length.

FUTURE OF THE STEAM ENGINE.—It has been thought that the sphere of the steam engine would be greatly circumscribed in the future by the growing development of electricity, but Prof. Thurston, of Cornell University, in an article in the *North American Review*, is inclined to the view that this invention is capable of vast improvement, and that it has not yet begun to exhaust its inherent powers. On the basis of the greater developments in the application of inventions to the steam engine, Prof. Thurston predicts that the next generation will see it consuming one pound of fuel per hour for a single horse-power; that ships of 20,000 tons will be driven at the rate of forty miles an hour; that the American continent can be spanned by flying trains in two days, and that transportation between the cities of the Atlantic and those of the Pacific coasts will be so cheap that the general average of living will be vastly improved upon what exists to-day.

THE DEVIL CAST OUT BY SCIENCE.—Conscientious men still linger on who find comfort in holding fast to some shred of the old belief in diabolic possession. The sturdy declaration in the last century by John Wesley, that "giving up witchcraft is giving up the Bible," is echoed feebly in the latter half of this century by the eminent Catholic ecclesiastic in France who declares that "to deny possession by devils is to charge Jesus and his Apostles with imposture," and asks, "How can the testimony of apostles, fathers of the Church, and saints who saw the possessed and so declared, be denied?" And a still fainter echo lingers in Protestant England. But, despite this conscientious opposition, science has in these latter days steadily wrought hand in hand with Christian charity in this field, to evolve a better future for humanity. The thoughtful physician and the devoted clergyman are now constantly seen working together; and it is not too much to expect that Satan, having been cast out of the insane asylums, will ere long disappear from monasteries and camp meetings, even in the most unlighted regions of Christendom.—Dr. Andrew D. White, in the *Popular Science Monthly*.



NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.
Wm. Notman & Son, photo.



THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, COLLINGWOOD.

Fanjoy, photo.



THE RECTORY, COLLINGWOOD.

Fanjoy, photo,



SCENES AT WIMBLEDON.—The illustrations which we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers in this number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED are of special interest, as the meeting which closed a few weeks ago on the historic ground was the last meeting to be held on Wimbledon Common. Selected in 1860 by the National Rifle Association of the United Kingdom, then recently formed, for the carrying out of its purpose—that of encouraging the volunteer movement and fostering a taste for rifle shooting—it has for nearly thirty years been a familiar name in military and volunteer circles wherever the British flag waves in the breeze. For eighteen years it had been associated with soldierly sentiment and with the marksman's honourable ambition in the Dominion of Canada. The Canadian teams had, moreover, enjoyed a fair share of the triumphs of which Wimbledon was the scene. They had also been treated with unvarying kindness by their fellow-soldiers of the old land and of the other colonies, and when "Farewell to Wimbledon" and "Auld Lang Syne" expressed the feelings of the assembled throng on that night of parting, a few weeks ago, the Canadians present had ample cause to sympathize with the general emotion. Thus, writes one who was there, closed the last of the regimental entertainments at Wimbledon. Of the presentation of the prizes by the Countess of Wharncliffe on the 20th ult., the same writer says:—"It was a scene not devoid of pathos, and fate seemed to have designed that it should be as pathetic as might be. It was certainly curious that the first name pronounced by Captain St. John Mildmay, who has been connected with the association ever since the meeting was established, should have been that of Mr. Edward Ross, the first Queen's Prize-winner. He was received with cordiality, and it was impossible for those who were present to avoid glancing back at the history of the association. The Queen's Prize-winner of 1860 stood on the same ground as the winner of 1889. The first named could remember, as Captain Mildmay, and, it is believed, Captain Pixley, of the Victorias, and Captain Cortis, to say nothing of others, could remember, the days when 40 men only were entitled to compete in the final stage of the Queen's Prize with strange rifles, only placed in their hands a few days before they shot for the great prize. He could remember the days of the Swiss riflemen, when there were no bulls-eyes at the long ranges, when the meeting lasted but a week, when iron targets were used. He could look back to the time when there was a prize called the Duke of Wellington's for "any" rifle at 1,000 yards, for which the competitors fired from a fixed rest. He could recall the years in which bulls-eyes at the 200 yards pool target, which were then called "Aunt Sally," were sometimes worth £3 3s. 6d. He had seen the regimental camps grow more and more every year from 1861, when the Victorias, under the direction of Captain Tomkins, set up a modest encampment and performed their own cooking. These thoughts and others akin to them crowded into the memory as Mr. Ross mounted the crimson carpeted dais to receive the prizes to which he had become entitled by virtue of his really great performances with the sporting rifle. After him came the Messrs. Winans, famed for their skill with the revolver, and Major Williamson, of the 43rd Light Infantry, who, with the double rifle in the Hillhouse, had succeeded in beating by a point his score of 1888, which was, up to this year, the highest on record. Then, looking vastly different in their full-dress uniform from the men who had shot so well and steadily on the common, came prize-winner after prize-winner. Some, Major Pearce, of Devon, for example, came often and were heartily applauded. Very cordial was the reception given to the Irish Eight, to the Canadians as they received the Kolapore Cup, to the Americans as, in their quaint uniform of dark blue coats and light blue trousers, they mounted the dais, from which they descended with a Wimbledon Badge to add to the numerous marks of successful shooting which they already bore on their tunics. But the feature of the day was the reception given to the young Scotchman, Sergeant Reid, who walked up to receive the Queen's Prize. Before he placed his foot upon the steps there was a pause. The bandmaster of the London Rifle Brigade, which was in attendance, held a whispered interview with Captain Mildmay; then Reid was allowed to mount the dais, and the whole assemblage rose to its feet as, while the band played the "Conquering Hero," he received the honour—an honour more coveted than any other by every rifleman—of carrying off the last Queen's Prize from Wimbledon Common. After the cheers had subsided, in a silence which was almost mournful, the band played the National Anthem, and men uncovered their heads with a feeling of genuine sadness. The music had a double significance—it portended not only the close of the meeting of 1889, but the last of the Wimbledon meetings."

CANADA AT WIMBLEDON.—In our issue of August 3 we gave the portraits and the names of the Team. We now repeat them, however, with an indication of those who were previously with the Team opposite their respective names:—

Previously with Team.	
Staff-Sergt. T. Mitchell, 10th Royal Grenadiers.....	1874-77-79-81-83
Staff-Sergt. R. McVittie, ".....	(Came to Canada 1888)
Pte. J. A. Armstrong, G.G.F.G.....	1884-86
Sergt. J. Rolston, 20th Bn.....	1885

Capt. S. M. Rogers, 43rd Bn.....	(first trip)
Staff-Sergt. F. W. Curzon, 10th Royal Grenadiers.....	1885
Lieut. W. A. Jamieson, 43rd Bn.....	1885
Major A. P. Sherwood, ".....	1885
Lieut. J. A. Wilson, 33rd Bn.....	(first trip)
Staff-Sergt. F. G. Corbin, 63rd Bn.....	1879-80-81-87
Lieut. W. Conboy, 30th Bn.....	(first trip)
Major B. A. Weston, 66th Bn.....	1878-81
Major I. J. Egan, 63rd Bn.....	(first trip)
Lieut. C. H. Dimock, 78th Bn.....	"
Lieut. R. Blackmore, jr., 63rd Bn.....	"
Corp. John Crowe, 1st B.F.A.....	1876-82
Staff-Sergt. W. Ashall, Q.O.R.....	1883-85-88
Pte. J. Horsey, 45th Bn.....	(first trip)
Sergt. M. C. Mumford, 63rd Bn.....	1886

It will be seen at once that the Team was a strong one. Capt. Dow, of the 91st Battalion, Winnipeg, who happened to be in England on private business, was also to be seen in the camp. The opening day (July 8) was somewhat rainy, but a good shooting day, as there was little wind and the light was all that could be desired. In the Alexandria Match (seven shots at 500 and seven at 600 yards), fired on the first day, the general shooting was superior to that of last year—the extremes in the prize list being 68 and 57 as against 64 and 53 in 1888. The Canadians did good work, as may be seen from the following showing:—

	500	600	Total	Prize.
31st. Staff-Sergt. McVittie, 10th R.G.....	33	30	63	£5
32nd. Staff-Sergt. Mitchell, 10th R.G.....	33	30	63	5
79th. Staff-Sergt. Ashall, Q.O.R.....	29	32	61	3
83rd. Major Weston, 66th.....	30	31	61	3
116th. Pte. Armstrong, G.G.F.G.....	34	27	61	3
169th. Sergt. Horsey, 45th.....	27	32	59	2
229th. Capt. Hood, 5th R.S.....	26	32	58	2
237th. Lieut. Wilson, 33rd.....	28	30	58	2
258th. Staff-Sergt. Curzon, 10th R.G.....	29	29	58	2

In the Alfred (seven shots, standing at 200 yards,) a Canadian, Sergeant Rolston, came in 20th. In the second stage of the Queen's Prize four Canadians found places among the 300 allowed to shoot. Their names, positions and scores were as follows:—

7th. Sergt. Rolston, 20th.....	30	32	31	93
92nd. Pte. Armstrong, G.G.F.G.....	28	33	27	88
171st. Lieut. Jamieson, 43rd.....	31	27	28	86
189th. Staff-Sergt. Ogg, 1st B.F.A.....	32	28	26	86

Staff-Sergeant Ogg came out at the top of the list in the Windmill Match (seven shots at 200 and seven shots at 500), thus winning the prize of \$125. In the Martin's Cup (seven shots at 600) Staff-Sergeants Mitchell and Ogg, Capt. Rogers and Lieut. Wilson had scores of 33, 32, 31 and 31 respectively. Here is the showing in four other matches:—

Graphic, 200 yards, seven shots—Staff-Sergt. Mitchell, 34; Staff-Sergt. Ashall, 34; Capt. Rogers, 34.	
Bertram, 500 yards, seven shots—Pte. Armstrong, 33.	
Secretary of State for War, 900 yards, seven shots—Staff-Sergt. McVittie, 30.	
Steward, 200 yards, seven shots, standing—Staff-Sergt. Mitchell, 32.	

In the Tyro Match, the prizes in which are awarded to the highest hundred in the first stage of the Queen's who never won a prize at a previous meeting of the N. R. A., these Canadians came in:—

24th. Lieut. Jamieson, 43rd.....	26	£2
66th. Sergt. Mumford, 63rd.....	83	1

In the St. George's, which brought out some splendid shooting, the following were the Canadian prize winners:

17th. Capt. Rogers, 43rd.....	34	£9
19th. Major Weston, 66th.....	34	9
67th. Pte. Armstrong, G.G.F.G.....	33	4
110th. Staff-Sergt. McVittie, 10th.....	33	2
129th. Staff-Sergt. Ashall, Q.O.R.....	32	2
150th. Sergt. Mumford, 63rd.....	32	2
199th. Staff-Sergt. Ogg, 1st B.F.A.....	32	2

This is the record of four Canadians who won the right to shoot in the second stage of the Queen's:—

	1st sig.	2nd sig.	600	Gd. total.
17th. Pte. Armstrong, G.G.F.G.....	88	44	61	193
56th. Staff-Sergt. Ogg, 1st B.F.A.....	86	46	56	188
106th. Sergt. Rolston, 20th.....	63	92		155
260th. Lieut. Jamieson, 43rd.....	96	84		170

Rolston got £4, and Jamieson £3, on retiring from the contest. Armstrong and Ogg being in the first hundred, shot in the third stage.

One Canadian, Lieut. Wilson, won a prize in the Prince of Wales match. The Canadian prize record in the Wilmot Match reads as follows:—

17th. Staff-Sergt. McVittie, 10th.....	61	£5
33rd. Staff-Sergt. Curzon, 10th.....	59	3
38th. Major Weston, 66th.....	59	3
56th. Staff-Sergt. Ogg, 1st B.F.A.....	58	3

The great event of this year's Wimbledon meeting for Canada was the shooting for the Kolapore Cup, which took place on the morning of the 17th ult. Four teams competed—the Mother Country, Jersey, Guernsey and Canada. The match, as between the United Team and the Canadians, was very exciting. The totals were: Canada, 687; Mother Country, 684; Jersey, 648; Guernsey, 632. The following is the full Canadian record:—

KOLAPORE CUP MATCH, M.H., for teams of eight.

Seven shots at 200, 500, and 600 yards.

CANADA—Winners of the Cup and £80.

	200 yds.	500 yds.	600 yds.	Total.
Pte. Armstrong.....	5554534—31	2555554—31	5424554—29	91
Q. M.-Sergt. Ogg.....	4545444—30	3455455—31	4454335—28	89
Staff-Sergt. Ashall.....	4544454—30	5545455—33	3453253—25	88
Captain Rogers.....	4455454—31	5333555—29	5555322—27	87
Lieut. Wilson.....	4454444—29	5553535—31	3455552—27	87
Major Weston.....	355455—32	4423554—27	4525225—25	84
Staff-Sergt. Mitchell.....	5345545—31	4543535—29	0435255—24	84
Staff-Sergt. McVittie.....	5454544—31	4444445—27	3023245—19	77
	245	238	224	687

The Mother Country showed as follows:—

MOTHER COUNTRY.

	200 yds.	500 yds.	600 yds.	Total.
Corporal Perry, 2d Cheshire.....	32	31	32	95
Lieut. Brown, 3d Lanark.....	29	30	30	89
Sergt. Bates, 1st Warwick.....	32	27	29	88
Corporal McLaidie, 2d Renfrew.....	30	31	24	85
Lieut. Barrett, 1st Argyll.....	31	33	21	85
Pte. Wattiewo th, 2d Liverpool.....	32	28	34	84
Col.-Sergt. Ingram, 3d Lanark.....	26	24	29	79
Q. M.-Sergt. Grier, 3d Renfrew.....	30	26	23	79
	242	230	212	684

In the Wimbledon Cup Match (ten shots at 600 yards) Ogg, of the Canadians, was fifth with 42, and Staff-Sergt. Ashall seventh with 41, the prize score being 45.

The Elcho Shield was won by Ireland, (the Duke of Abercorn, captain,) with a record of 1689, beating England by five points, Scotland standing 1626. The record is now—England, 13; Ireland, 10; Scotland, 5.

The Corporation of the City of London prizes, consisting of a silver cup, value £31 10s, and fourteen in cash, are restricted to Indian and Colonial volunteers. Canada this year took all but two. The scores counting were those of the Grand Aggregate:—

1st. Staff-Sergt. Ogg, 1st B.F.A.....	329	Cup
2nd. Lieut. Wilson, 33rd.....	317	£20
3rd. Staff-Sergt. Mitchell, 10th.....	316	15
4th. Capt. Rogers, 43rd.....	314	15
5th. Pte. Armstrong, G.G.F.G.....	313	10
6th. Major Weston, 66th.....	312	10
7th. Sergt. Horsey, 45th.....	308	10
8th. Staff-Sergt. McVittie, 10th.....	306	10
9th. Corporal Crowe, 1st B.F.A.....	304	6
11th. Sergt. Rolston, 20th.....	303	5
12th. Staff-Sergt. Ashall, Q.O.R.....	303	5
14th. Staff-Sergt. Curzon, 10th.....	298	5
15th. Major Sherwood, 43rd.....	296	5

THE AGGREGATES.

<i>Grand—</i>		
16th. Staff-Sergt. Ogg, 1st B.F.A.	329	£5
93rd. Lieut. Wilson, 33rd	317	2
104th. Staff-Sergt. Mitchell, 10th	316	2

There were 125 prizes and four 315's counted out.

Volunteer—

18th. Staff-Sergt. Ogg, 1st B.F.A.....	150	£3
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Nursery—

9th. Capt. Rogers, 43rd.....	95	5
71st. Major Weston, 66th.....	90	2
73rd. Lieut. Wilson, 33rd.....	90	2

All Comers—

85th. Staff-Sergt. Ogg, 1st B.F.A.....	179	2
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MISCELLANEOUS.

<i>Secretary of State for War (900 yds., 7 shots)—</i>		
35th. Staff-Sergt. McVittie, 10th	30	£

Pavilion—

7th. Staff-Sergt. Ogg, 1st B.F.A.....	32	2
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Armourers Co. (900 yds., 7 shots)—

5th. Staff-Sergt. McVittie, 10th.....	30	5
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Heath (500 yds., 7 shots)—

26th. Staff-Sergt. Mitchell, 10th.....	34	2
24th. Capt. Dow, 91st.....	34	2

In the Mappin, Robin Hood (Capt. Rogers, 33 points) Graphic (Sergts. Corbin and Mitchell, 34 points), and other special matches, Canada was honorably represented. On the whole, the last Wimbledon meeting was for our volunteers an appropriate conclusion to the career of success inaugurated in 1872, and there is every reason to hope that the creditable record achieved will be maintained, and even improved in the new Wimbledon at Bisley.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.—This city, formerly the capital of British Columbia before the union of the mainland with Vancouver Island under a single administration, is still a place of considerable importance, and, like nearly all the centres of population in our Pacific Province, is picturesquely situated. It does not lie on the main line of the C.P.R., but on a branch which diverges for the purpose of reaching it. It contains the Provincial Penitentiary and Insane Asylum, and has many handsome buildings. Its life as a city and industrial centre is assured, as it is the centre of the salmon canning business, one of the most important in the province. It has also large saw mills, and exports considerable quantities of prepared lumber to China and Australia. It has constant intercourse with Victoria by means of a line of steamers that ply regularly between the two cities.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, COLLINGWOOD, was erected in 1856, but was greatly improved in 1884 and assumed its present appearance. A new bell was placed in the tower, which may be heard for miles around. For architectural beauty, the church will compare favourably with any in the province. The grounds surrounding are quite in keeping with the building, which reflects great credit on the rector (Rev. L. H. Kerkby) and the congregation. The interior is very conveniently laid out and handsomely finished in oak, which gives it a very rich appearance. The present rector is a man of superior education and ability, and the appearance of the church is largely due to his talents and exertions.

THE RECTORY is a stone building of modern architecture, and is surrounded by beautiful grounds, situated a short distance from the church. Here the rector's taste and ability are displayed to advantage, as the arrangement of the various walks, flower beds, trees, fences, was designed and carried out by himself. The interior is quite as comfortable and easy as the exterior would lead one to expect. Tourists visiting Collingwood should not fail to view the grounds and building, as they will be of interest to all who love the beautiful in art and nature. These views are from excellent photographs by C. A. Fangay, of Collingwood.

NORTH SIDE OF DEVIL'S HEAD LAKE, CANADIAN ROCKIES.—This is a sample of that magnificent scenery that stretches in a grand circle around Banff, and of which we have in previous issues presented our readers with other salient features. As they are aware, Banff is the station, par excellence, of our national park—a reservation 26 miles long, N.E., and to miles wide, N.W. It embraces parts of the valleys of the Bow, the Spray and the Cascade Rivers. The view from Banff is peculiarly interesting. Away to the north is Cascade Mountain: eastward is Inglewood, behind which lies Devil's Head Lake, the north side of which is shown in our engraving. This body of water is noted for its trout of extraordinary size, the trolling for which is a sportsman's delight. On the neighbouring heights are to be seen wild sheep and mountain goats the hunt of which has already formed the subject of engravings in this journal. Major Peters, as may be recalled, led the way in that elevated and elevating amusement.

GROUNDINGS AND BUILDINGS OF THE TORONTO INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION ASSOCIATION. The engraving presented in this number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED will give our readers some idea of the magnitude of the grounds and buildings allotted to the exhibition. The grounds, for the largest acres in extent, are the finest, and the buildings the largest and most commodious in the Dominion of Canada. The grounds are beautifully situated in the west of the city on the shore of Lake Ontario, and therefore can be had on an extensive view of Toronto, of the lake and the surrounding country. Railways, steamboats, street cars and many other comfortable and expeditious means of conveyance will be at the disposal of the thousands who are expected to crowd the grounds while the exhibition lasts. The DOMINION ILLUSTRATED special photographer will take views during the fair, and illustrations of the great show will be published with all possible despatch. The date of the exhibition, September 9 to September 21, should be borne in mind by all who desire a pleasant and instructive holiday. The Toronto Mail recently published the following remarks on the preparations that are now going on for this fall's great exhibition: "The busiest man in this city to-day is Manager Hill, of the Industrial Exhibition. Already he is being assailed on all hands by prospective exhibitors anxious to get space at Toronto's great show. In many of the buildings every inch of space is taken up. The implements building is crowded. The carriage and stove buildings are overflowing. There are more than enough applications in to fill the grounds. The surplus yet seen in the forthcoming show will be far ahead of anything yet seen in Canada in that line. Some \$20,000 is being spent in buildings. The old Zoo building is being remodelled and will be used as a poultry hall. The Prince of Wales' abode will become the pigeon house. The bear pit will remain untouched, with Mr. Bruin still in possession, and he will be exhibited free. The old poultry hall will be given to the dogs. Interest in the dog show is not confined to Canada. Mr. W. S. Clarke, London, Mass., writes that he intends to make six entries, and adds that it is a pleasure to know under such square and conscientious judges as have been chosen. The new stables will be an innovation. This year three stables will be erected, giving accommodation to 150 additional horses. The great complaint has been that visitors are unable to see the fine animals that are always seen at the exhibition. The new stables will leave the horses open to the public gaze and afford accommodation for as many as well as beast, as there are sleeping apartments above the stables. The arrangements for special attractions have not yet been completed. Mr. Hill has just returned from New York, where he has been booking some of the latest novelties in this line, and Mr. D. C. Ridout is there at present completing the engagements. The British Columbia exhibits will this year be an important feature of the exhibition. The people of the Pacific Province are determined to have a good exhibit of their products at Toronto. They have formed a Provincial Exhibit Association, and organized district travellers to collect exhibits and ship them to Toronto. The local railways are carrying the goods free to the central point in the province, from which they will be forwarded East. This year the gate system will be entirely changed, and no money will be taken by the gate-tenders. Every visitor will be required to purchase a ticket, to which end the number of ticket offices will be greatly increased. All tenders for refreshment booths and other exhibition privileges will be closed by Saturday, August 10. The association has made the following railway arrangements:—Single fare for the round trip from all points in excursions, covering all points in this district, during the week. Single fare for the round trip west of Quebec City and Island Pond in Quebec and Ontario, with special cheap excursions covering all points in this district, during the second week. All tickets good to return up to the 23rd of September. The Intercolonial railway will also issue return tickets from the Maritime Provinces at reduced rates. All exhibits brought to the exhibition by rail will be returned free of charge.

That swallows are disappearing from France is shown by a report laid before the Zoological Society, which also reveals the cause of this decrease and indicates the remedy. The authors of the death of millions of these pretty birds are the ladies, who wear the feathers, wings and even the bodies of swallows in their hats and bonnets. The report of 1888, however, contains many thousands of dead swallows were sent from the south of France to Paris to be used by the milliners.



To some of our readers the name of the author of "Flossy; or a Child of the People," will be familiar. The Rev. Henry Faulkner Darnell, D.D., was for many years Rector of St. James Church, St. John's, P.Q., and, while holding that position, was well known as a contributor of verse and prose to Canadian periodicals. Compositions bearing his name or initials are found in the *British American Magazine* (1863-64), the *Dominion Monthly* (1867-79), the *Canadian Illustrated News* (1868-80), the *Canadian Monthly* and *Rose Belford's Magazine* (1872-82), and other publications contemporary with his residence in Canada. He also published a volume of poems, which he dedicated to his flock at St. John's. For several years past Mr. Darnell has been Rector of Zion Church, Avon, N.Y., but his change of abode has not impaired his devotion to the muses. His "Songs of the Seasons" and "A Nation's Thanksgiving," published in Philadelphia in 1886 and 1887, were favourably received by the American press and public. Since then Mr. Darnell has written two stories, dealing with English social life. One of these, "Philip Hazelbrook," appeared two years ago and was reviewed by the press of this city. The interest of it turns largely on the relations of the more earnest of the Anglican clergy with the working classes of the large cities. It contains some fine types of character and is not lacking in interest, without, however, being at all sensational. From internal evidence we would say that it reflects a good deal of the author's own experience. Its success has prompted Mr. Darnell to write a sequel to it—"Flossy; or a Child of the People"—in which the history of some of the leading characters is followed up. In this volume, though the scene is changed, the reader finds himself in the same atmosphere of earnestness and devotion to duty, and meets with old friends in new circumstances. The pictures of English factory life and of the wild riots that in past generations marked any noteworthy labour-saving movement are, however, doubtless drawn from memory. As in all Mr. Darnell's writings, the moral tone of the book is excellent. (Buffalo, N.Y.: The Courier Company.)

Our readers may remember that the alternative title of Mr. Lighthall's popular "Songs of the Great Dominion" is "Voices from the Forests and Waters, the Settlements and Cities of Canada." We have just received a volume of such "Voices," already heralded by Mr. Lighthall's kindly enthusiasm. "Lake Lyrics and Other Poems," the title that the Rev. William Lighthall has chosen for his collection, indicates the prevailing theme in his impassioned strains. The influence of the lake scenery on his mind has, indeed, become a sort of cult, and he compels our sympathy by the fervency of his adoration. The lakes on which poets have most often lavished their rhythmic praise have been associated with mountains, and it is the absence of such environment which gives its peculiar aspect to our vast system of fresh water. As Mr. Campbell sings:

Girl with a magical gift,
Rimmed with a vapour of rest—
These are the inland waters,
And again—
Low rimmed in woods and mists, where wakes
Through mist and moon the marsh bird's cry.

Mr. Campbell, like other worshippers, is sometimes impatient of self-questioning as to the peculiar charms that attract him to his idol. His descriptions of the lakes in summer are too general and vague. In "The Winter Lakes" he has been more coldly observant, and, therefore, his picture is more definite. In these stanzas, we have an impressive panorama of winter desolation:

Crags that are black and wet out of the gray lake looming
Under the sunset's hush and the pallid, faint glimmer of dawn,
Shadows, like smoke-like smoke, where misty regions are booming
Thunders of wintry woe over the spaces wane.
Lands that loom like spectres, a bit of regions of winter,
Waters, desolate waters, where misty regions are booming
A world of winter and death, within these regions who enter
Lost to summer and life, go to return no more.
Moons that glimmer above, waters that lie white under,
Miles unseen of lake and shore, where misty regions are booming
Gaming crests of waves, surfs that shoreward thunder,
Sho' dows shapes that float, a tanning the spaces wane.
Lonely hidden bays, moon-lit, ice-ripped, winding,
Pringed with forests and woods, by shadowy shores;
Hushed from the outward strife, where the mighty surf is grinding
Death and hate on the rocks as sandward and landward it runs.
One of the most touching poems in the book is "Keziah's."

After the poor betrayed girl had
Died quick in her shame, the mother her sadness
Wore out into bitterness, sorrow, then madness.
"Keziah! Keziah!"
Years after she'd sit by the lost door at even
When vapours were over the lake and the moon and heaven,
And stream in her madhouse a girl-figure coming,
With youth's dreamy beauty and a note of the gloaming,
"Keziah! Keziah!"
Died! gone these ten years, by the but-side she's sleeping,
Where over its dead walls the red vines are creeping.
But the fisher's folk say that at summer eve's falling,
In out of the wilderness they hear a voice calling:
"Keziah! Keziah!"
And over the lake with its glamour of vapours,
Through which the faint stars seem to glimmer like tapers,
From the dim islands lit with the purple day's dying
Like a far, caverned echo a faint voice replying:
"Keziah! Keziah!"

Though he sings the Lakes, Mr. Campbell is a Lakist in only such modified sense as is consonant with allegiance to Baron Tennyson. In his Ode to the Laureate, he addresses him thus:

"My master, nor I shame to call thee so,
But rather glory to have drunk from thee,
And thy deep springs of song, thy veins and
Greater than I, from that old Grecian bard
Who sang in dark immortal song for men."

There is fine thought in "Lazarus," and a lesson that some self-complacent dogmatists might profitably take to heart. It is too long to quote, but this first verse gives the keynote:

(O Father Abrah, I can never rest,
Here in thy bloom in the white heaven,
Where love blossoms on th' great days without an even;
For, up through all the gradations ever,
There comes a cry from some fierce, anguish'd breast.

We like the sonnet to "Infancy." Many a mother and father will echo the feeling of these lines:

O crowing lips and dimpled clinging hands,
Clear laughing eyes and chubby baby face,
Thy world without thee were an empty place.

How many those can tell who have sorrowed with Rachel's sorrow when the "laughing eyes" were closed and the "clinging hands" relaxed their soft hold, and the "crowing lips" grown dumb and left a silence that seemed despair.

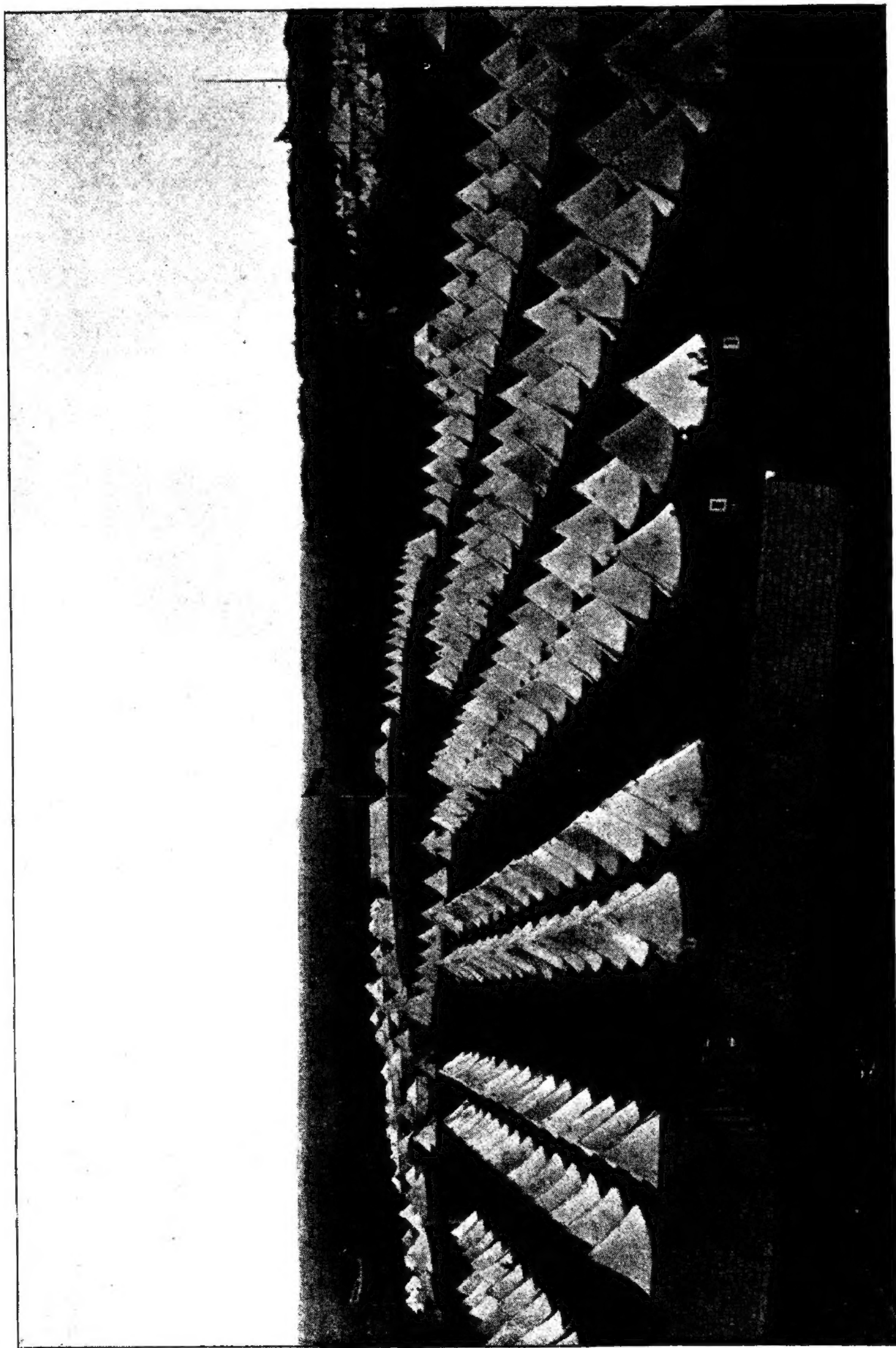
The chief fault that we find with Mr. Campbell is that he is too impetuous, trusts too much to inspiration and to feeling, and abhors the irksome labour of the file. It is true, indeed, that a great critic has warned us against estimating the poet's work as that of a mere composing or putting things together, whereas (he insists) his real calling is to put life into things. But the same great critic closes his counsel by citing the final act of Socrates, which was to purify himself for having listened negligently to the voice within him. And that voice urged him not merely to "make harmony," but also "to elaborate." (St. John, N.B.: J. & A. McMillan.)

The *Compendium* for August opens with an article on "Social Life at Ottawa," by Mr. W. Mackenzie Hart, which is illustrated with portraits of Lord and Lady Stanley, Lady Macdonald, Lady Arrol Stanley, Mrs. T. A. Kirkpatrick, Miss Hotchkiss, the Hon. Edward Stanley and Captain MacMahon, and with views of Government House and Earncliffe, the residence of Sir John A. Macdonald. Mr. Hart's comments on persons and things in the capital are marked by independence and vigour. "The murder of Philip Spencer," by Gail Hamilton, is novel. Caroline Gibbons discusses "The Dignity, Rights and Responsibility of Labour." Fred. Douglass gives his reminiscences of "The Great Agitation." Emily Blanchard treats learnedly of spiders and their habits under the heading of "The Children of Arachne." The Rev. E. E. Hale writes of some "Social Problems." Richard Wheatley has something interesting to tell of Geronimo and other Apaches. Nearly every article is illustrated. (New York: 353 Fifth Avenue.)

Canadians for August contains the substance of an instructive paper read by Mr. J. P. Edwards before the Society for Historical Studies. It deals with "Events in Canada from 1812 to 1815," and gives a good deal of information touching the state of the country during that troubled period. What concerns Montreal is more especially interesting to city readers. The old fortifications, the memory of which lives in Fortification Lane, were then being removed. There were three English papers, the *Gazette*, the *Courant* and the *Herald*. The *Gazette* had still, however, its French columns. *Le Spectateur*, which had been for eight years, made its appearance in 1813. In the same year a periodical called *The Times* or *Advertiser*, was projected by Samuel Foster, but Mr. Edwards, than whom Canada has few more persevering and successful collectors, has never been able to find a copy of it. In January, 1812, the Hon. John Molson applied for the exclusive right to run a steamboat on the St. Lawrence, and soon after the "Swiftsure" was launched to run regularly between Montreal and Quebec. Monseigneur Plessis issued a pastoral letter on the occasion of Wellington's victories in Spain and the success of Brock in Upper Canada, and ordered a *Te Deum* to be sung in all the churches of the province. Besides Mr. Edwards' paper, the August number contains "Notes on the Intendants," by "Corvina"; "Reminiscences of Old Montreal," by Mr. John Horn; an obituary notice of the late learned Abbe Bois, and "Austriana" is edited by Mr. W. J. White, vice-president of the Society for Historical Studies, and is printed by the *Gazette* Printing Company. It is doing good service to the cause of historical inquiry, and well deserves encouragement.

The July number (No. 3) of the *Magazine of Poetry* contains sketches (with portraits) of two of our contributors, Miss Helen Maud Merrill and Dr. Thomas O'Hagan. Professor Roberts contributes a brief biography of his friend, Edgar Faucett, whose portrait is also given. Other noteworthy features of this number are sketches of Samuel Waddington, the accomplished author of "Sonnets of Europe" and other works, with engraving of pen and ink portrait by Sumner from photograph by Deborah and Gabel, of London; sketch (with portrait) of John Vance Cheney, author of "Wood Blooms," etc.; and portraits (with biographical and critical notices) of Geo. Macdonald, George Meredith, Mary Mapes Dodge, Catherine Tynan (frontispiece) and Ana Donna Coolbrith. Altogether, it is a fine number. (Buffalo, N.Y.: Charles Wells Moulton.)

WIMBLEDON.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CAMP: THE VICTORIA RIFLES OF LONDON IN A CIRCLE AT THE REAR.



NORTH SIDE DEVIL'S HEAD LAKE, CANADIAN ROCKIES.

Wm. Newman & Son, photo.

OUR WILD WESTLAND.

POINTS ON THE PACIFIC PROVINCE.

(BY MRS. ARTHUR SPRAGUE.)

IX.

THE SUMMER OF 1887—RECREATIONS IN THE COLUMBIA VALLEY—"AIDE TOI ET DIEU T'AIDERA"—VARIETY OF SCENERY IN A SMALL SECTION OF THE MOUNTAIN DISTRICT.

Having the fear of want of exercise before my eyes from the experience of 1886. I took out with me to Donald in June, 1887, a tennis net, and poles, balls and racquets, with the determination to establish an earth court, the peculiarities of bunch-grass vegetation prohibiting the possibility of a grass one. There was sufficient real estate in the neighborhood of our house to afford the proper measurements for the courts, and having pressed some of the C.P.R. officials into our service, with the inducement of prospective recreation, which was badly needed in the Columbia Valley, we cleared the ground and prepared for action. This same preparation consisted in the uprooting of bushes and stumps, the filling in of the holes from which they had been extracted, so as to render the courts firm and solid; this last process furnishing us with a land question somewhat difficult of solution, owing to the nature of the soil, which is so sandy. It refused to bind or harden in any way. Some one suggested pounding with a heavy log, which was accordingly procured and manipulated by means of an iron bar handle, resulting only in the dispersion of the necessary matter in clouds of dust. Water alone would settle the soil satisfactorily, and to obtain the aqueous fluid, the skies not being propitious, was easier in theory than in practice, since it was brought from a spring in the town and delivered by the barrel, costing a quarter for every replenishing, when the waggon made its bi-weekly rounds. It was, consequently, too dear and precious a commodity to be lightly bestowed upon mother earth. An improvised roller of a ponderous log of wood was employed with great success in the generally levelling process; but failed utterly to amalgamate the soft spots with the hard ones, and when the net was first set up for play, service and returns often resulted in a dead drop of the ball where the ground was not solid, and we finally decided to possess our souls in patience and pray for rain. In about ten days it fell, a long heavy downpour, lasting twelve hours, which made the court as hard and firm as a wood floor. Henceforth tennis was established and played regularly every day. During the months of July and August we turned out before breakfast, thereby avoiding both heat and mosquitoes; and, as the season advanced and the power of the sun and insect decreased in quality and quantity, we moved our hours of exercise onwards from before breakfast to before dinner, and finally, in October, backwards again to noon. The temperature was always delightfully fresh in the early morning, sweeping down from the Selkirk range immediately above us over its icy snowfields in waves of almost chilling coolness. The lights and shades, too, on mountain and valley, with the exquisite pearly tints of dawn thrown upon misty clouds rising from the warm valleys below, gave us ideal pictures, which were never seen at any other hour, and amply rewarded early rising. Our tennis court runs north and south, facing at one end the Rocky and the other the Selkirk mountains, enabling us to enjoy all the benefits of scenery as well as exercise. Fortune favored me so greatly in 1887 that I felt a practical illustration of the French proverb, "Aide toi et Dieu t'aidera." Having provided myself with one form of amusement, I had another thrust upon me.

I noticed soon after my advent in Donald a nice looking pony running loose, apparently unappropriated. A rider from my youth upwards, I had a keen eye for a bit of horseflesh, and soon discovered that the vagrant belonged to an itinerant carpenter, no longer a resident of the town. I suggested to my husband that he should communicate with him, having learnt his address at a neighbouring town, and ask the loan of the pony which we had caught and I had tried, happening

to have brought my saddle, bridle, and habit out with me. I found the cayuse a most tractable little beast, and, on condition that we fed her with oats, a costly article of diet in the West, our request was granted and Peggy added to our establishment. That she thoroughly appreciated her luxuries was evident from the fact that she came regularly twice a day to receive her appointed portion from my husband's hands, when there was no difficulty in securing her for my afternoon ride. Peggy proved as successful as the tennis court, which is saying not a little, and an equal source of enjoyment to me. She was a well made little chestnut, about twelve hands high, very surefooted, gentle, willing, and capable of jumping or scrambling over any obstacle half as big as herself. She could negotiate bad places and enormous logs, provided her rider would stay with her, that would puzzle me even to contemplate, and I often used to amuse myself and vary the monotony of my rides by diverging from the trail and taking her across country to see what she could and would accomplish. Every afternoon regularly at five, on the warm July and August days, my head enveloped in a mosquito net, my hands encased in thick doeskin gloves, I sallied forth on Peggy's back, and, thus armed, fairly defied the mosquitoes, which I need hardly say swarmed at that hour. The current of air promoted by rapid riding enabled me to support with equanimity the oppression of a full net veil, confined by one elastic band round a stiff Christy, and by another round my devoted neck below the collar. Fortunately, the pony was hard as nails and in good condition, so that a fast pace did not come amiss to her, and was really a kindness, preventing, as it did, the mosquitoes from settling upon her. Indeed, she was quite intelligent enough to recognize the fact herself, and it was always a difficult matter to induce her to walk at all, and no wonder poor beast, when the tender spots about her eyes and nose were black with the venomous insects. So much did they annoy her that, in appreciation of my sympathetic attempts to remove them with my hunting crop, she would often turn her patient head round to the saddle, when frequent convulsive shakings failed to relieve her sufferings.

There were unfortunately but two available trails in the vicinity of Donald. One called the Wait-a-Bit, the other the Golden City trail, tending as their names indicated: the former toward the Rocky Mountains, following the course of the Wait-a-Bit River; and the latter in the direction of the auriferous town, 17 miles east of Donald, at the junction of the Kicking Horse and Columbia Rivers. Over either of those so-called roads it would have been impossible to ride any but a native horse except at a foot's pace, they having both for the first few miles been cut out of the pine woods, not from the primeval forest, which represents trees of girth and stature, but from that second contemptible growth of juvenile evergreens that springs up in the track of forest fires, and consists of slender poles, about 12 inches at the most in circumference. Stumps of this class, not being sufficiently formidable to the traveller's progress to remove, are left in the trail just as they were cut off, projecting about a foot or more above the ground, and a similar distance from each other. The first time I cantered down one of these roads, I must confess, I did so in fear and trembling, with my heart in my mouth. It seemed a choice between mosquitoes and sudden death, so I gave Peggy her head and let her go, and she never made a false step, picking her way most cleverly between the stumps, planting her fore-feet here and hitching her hind-feet there with jerks and shuffles that rendered a firm seat a matter of some importance to the equestrian. I rode always alone; indeed, neither mountain trails nor horses are conducive to company—the former being narrow and the latter accustomed to travel in single file and to select their own path according to their own ideas, and are opposed to the customs of civilization. The scenery of the Columbia Valley, however, is so beautiful that it compensates, in a great measure, to the solitary equestrian for the absence of a congenial companion. The Wait-a-Bit trail had been made originally to a silver mine six miles from

Donald, subsequently abandoned by its owners, not proving the El Dorado anticipated. A mile below it a pretty little lake, set like an emerald in a circle of thick woods, at the base of a steep foot-hill, lay shimmering in the sun a mirror of green harmonies, very deep and very still. I rode thither scores of times, yet never saw its bosom ruffled by the slightest motion; it was always calm and silent like the face of Death. The road to it was the ascending scale, penetrating first through a mile or more of wood, north of the town, where stumps congregated abundantly,—a barren, dreary region, through which a fire had swept, leaving desolation, as yet unrepaired, behind. An area of bare blackened poles, tangled together in wild confusion, having fallen across and against one another in their dying throes, their twisted and contorted branches were curiously suggestive of possible sufferings endured. They grew so close together and the flames of bush fires spread so rapidly, leaping from one tree to another, that many remained still upright, slender charred sticks of really uninjured wood. Among these relics the inhabitants of Donald found in the winter a fine harvest of firewood, which they had reaped level with the snow, leaving thousands of these stumps, some four feet high, in different localities where the spirit had moved them to hack and hew, marking by their height the snow line of the season. In addition to the stumps in this trail, which was also a waggon road, were stones of all sorts and conditions, sizes and shapes, making it unusually suicidal in character. Once traversed, however, a poplar wood, rich in shade and cool green tints, mingles its leaves with the bare poles of the outer district, showing some curious whim of the fire fiend, which had passed along its outer edge in a straight line, leaving this favoured grove untouched. It always reminded me of a desert oasis, so fresh and fair did it feel and look, with its luxuriant tangle of undergrowth, grasses, and long-leaved plants, impervious to the keenest eye. Riding through half a mile of greenery, a steep ascent was reached, up the face of a foot-hill; the top of this plateau attained, another had almost immediately to be surmounted, which was steeper than the first, and was circumvented by a slanting track up its side, instead of the perpendicular road that rose from the level of the lesser foot-hill. Both these elevations were of a gravelly nature, which did not facilitate the climb. From the brow of the second, however, the road wound gradually higher through a low scattered growth of pines and poplars—among which a few of the lords of the forest still proudly reared their plumed heads and gnarled branches. Up and up by more gentle ascents, till at last level ground was reached, and the top of a high foot-hill attained, which stretched away to another succession of foot-hills leading up to the Rocky Mountains. Here a panoramic view of the whole Columbia Valley rewards the rider or pedestrian which is worth any amount of exertion to enjoy. The track now turns sharply to the west and follows the course of the Wait-a-Bit River, which dashes along through a deep canyon hundreds of feet below, its waters being distinctly visible from many points in the road, now really good and free from the stones and stumps of the valley below. It leads eventually to the mine and lake at the base of the foot-hills, which are bounded by the mighty barrier of the Rocky Mountains. My homeward ride was always the most beautiful, for then Peggy's head was turned towards the Columbia Valley—above which I found myself—with its southern boundary of the noble Selkirk range glowing near and far in the glorious crimson and gold of the setting light, which turned its walls of rock into crags of liquid gold. One peculiarity of the Selkirks is that they look immeasurably grander and higher from the elevation of the Rocky foot-hills than from the valleys in which Donald nestles, as they towered in gilded heights against the firmament. The bird's eye view I enjoyed of the entire valley, intersected by the silver threads of the Columbia and Wait-a-Bit Rivers gleaming in the sunlight amid masses of dark foliage, possessed beauties to which I cannot pretend to do justice.

The Golden City trail is so different in character to the Wait-a-Bit, that some account of it will

serve to illustrate the variety of scenery contained in a small section of the mountain district. Leaving Donald, on its eastern instead of its northern extremity, the road lies parallel to the Columbia River, between the Rocky and Selkirk ranges, passing first through a dense growth of young pines, unscented in 1887 by fire, growing as close together as a field of wheat, and presenting a perpetual vista of grey stems. Here the stumps in the trail were the very worst that could be seen or imagined, yet I invariably cantered over it with a blind confidence in Peggy's sure-footedness, which was never misplaced. A mile and a half of scrambling and shuffling, which was not the poetry of motion, brought me to the foot of a hill, where the true forest primeval began. An ideal woodland road rewarded my perseverance, free from all obstructions—dark, cool on the hottest days and silent as the grave; no sound perceptible but the footfall of the pony; no sight but of rugged trees, whose roots are hidden amid low bushes of variegated foliage. It is a locality very suggestive of bears, as berries abounded in it. I knew that two were often seen in the neighbourhood, one of these being subsequently shot half a mile from the road, and I was warned further of all kinds of wild animals. Truth, however, compels me to confess that never in the course of my numerous expeditions did I come across anything more formidable than a squirrel or a grouse. The track led for a mile over many ravines; finally quitting the forest it skirted the face of a hill, high above the Columbia and the railway, a sea of green rolling down from the edge of the road to the iron line, which follows the course of the river eastwards. Two fine mountains of the Rocky Range guard the outlet of the valley towards which my face was turned, while on the opposite side of the Columbia the Selkirks fade gradually away to a pale blue distant line, marking its course southeast to the Columbia Lakes, in which it takes its rise. This trail is more varied in character than the other. Being little used since the construction of the C.P.R., it has been neglected and is full of such natural evils as huge fallen trees, which must be jumped. A stream, too, has in one place usurped it for upwards of a quarter of a mile, necessitating splashing, wading along its bed, varied with leaping from one bank to the other, as the nature of the ground suggests. There are also two diversions of some length along the track, which has also monopolized the trail in some localities near the river bank, where there was not room for both.

"IN THE NEWSPAPERS."

What opinions we do sometimes get from the newspapers! Those who devour journalism wholesale obtain a perfect travesty of information upon one topic from various statements, truthful and incorrect, touching thereupon. There is many a newspaper reader who, if asked to tell what he knew of, for instance, Amélie Rives-Chanler, would reply with this recital:—"I first heard of the lady in September of '87, when a short story of her's, 'The Farrier Lass of Piping Peabworth,' appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine*. Considerable talk was made of its merits, and shortly after it was published by the Harpers, with two other stories by the same author, in book-form. In January of the year following a novella, entitled 'Virginia of Virginia,' came out in *Harper's Monthly*. The newspapers began to speak more freely of 'the new genius,' but it was not until April of 1888, when her first novel, 'The Quick or the Dead,' was published in Lippincott's, that marked attention was paid her in the press. At that time, however, a perfect storm of criticism appeared. The book was called nasty, wishy-washy, spoony and dreadful, if I remember aright. *Puck* said it was written with a low-necked pen. 'It is refreshing,' said one; 'A trifle salacious, but shows great promise of future things,' wrote another. Then, in the 'Literary Notes' of a patent inside, which issued, probably, several hundred thousand copies, the item was printed: 'It is currently rumoured that Harpers have offered \$10,000 to Amélie Rives for a novel to contain fifty thousand words.' Then

parodies on several of the lady's works appeared 'Be Quick and be Dead,' by Ophelia Hives, was a tale which came out within, I think, two weeks after the April Lippincott's was for sale. It was about the same length as the Southern writer's book, and its style of juggling with the Queen's English was meant as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the diction in 'The Quick or the Dead.' There was at least one other parody in book-form. But it was in the newspapers that many rich sketches on the lines of the above appeared. One worthy of special mention was 'The Dead Will, or the Quick Mr. Meeson, a composite novel; after too much of H. Rider Haggard and Amélie Rives.' And the many-sided stories that were told about 'the fair Amélie.' One, for a time, might look in vain for a column of literary notes which did not contain some such items as these: 'Her stories are written from personal experience. She wanders about her Virginia homestead singing and romping with her hound, who is, by-the-by, the prototype of Hearne in 'A Brother to Dragons.' 'Miss Amélie Rives comes of a fine old French family, which settled in Virginia nearly a century since. She is *petite*, with blonde hair.' 'Miss Rives has, as yet, written little that will be read a decade hence. She is described as a magnificent specimen of womanhood, with raven-black hair and eyes.' 'Amélie Rives thinks nothing of dashing off a rondeau or triolet before breakfast. She is now re-touching some of her early verse, and it is said that a volume of quaint poetry is to be published soon, whose title-page will be graced with her name.' 'Her poesy falls upon the ear; is evidently laboured; in some verses we read between the lines 'This is my busy day.' 'Amélie Rives' verse comes from the heart of the singer, and goes to the heart of the hearer.' After these had become threadbare, some enterprising pencil-pusher gave to the world another batch, rehased from imagination and a newspaper interview: 'It has been stated that Amélie Rives indulges in the wood-nymph pranks which she attributes to her heroines. This is not the case; the studies are from life, it is true, but they are those of a young girl friend, who resides near the author's home.' 'It is now whispered that Papa Rives is coming across the deep blue seas, from his summer sojourns, to put a stop to the hysterical nonsense his daughter is rushing through the press.' 'Miss Amélie Rives has a Spanish pony named Bonnibel. She has worked his name into 'Virginia of Virginia,' and also, in the qualified form of 'Belibone,' into 'The Farrier Lass of Piping Peabworth.' 'This eccentric genius is being pushed too fast; her work would show a pronounced improvement did she but take a fair time to do it in.' The 'funny columns' contained nauseating gibes, which, were this a biographical sketch, would be eliminated. As, however, it is merely an exposition of information on one topic, gained by perusing the daily and weekly prints, they may be allowed. 'The Quick or the Dead?' may not be choice or classical, but its author A. Rives there, *tout le même*. 'Graceful Amélie should be transported to the Riviera.' 'The Quick or the Defunct' is a valuable book to keep by one in the house, for if there is no sulphur at hand, for purposes of fumigation, it will be found to be a serviceable substitute.' Such squibs as these made facetious departments a source of horror for a time.

'Herod and Marianne' came next from Miss Rives' pen, and did not create a great stir, although Edgar Fawcett said: 'I find it a tragedy of uneven but often astonishing vigour. . . . It exhibits more of fecund promise than sterling accomplishment'; and although, too, the cry of plagiarism was raised against it. The critics again said that the young authoress was being too hastily goaded on, and assured publishers that her work would be of a higher calibre if there was less of it. 'The Witness of the Sun' followed in January last, appearing in the same pages as the previous works. Although widely heralded, it was hardly heard of a month after publication.

January and September seem to be Miss Rives' months for fiction publication in *Lippincott's Magazine*. Her poems first see the light in leading magazines. 'Oh, Children's Eyes, Unchildlike,' appeared in *Harper's Magazine* for May, with an

error in the last line. In the editor's sheet of extracts sent out by that magazine, in the periodical itself and copied far and wide in nearly all exchanges, the line was printed:

"Of such the kingdom, not of heaven, but hell."

The word "is" preceding "but" would have added to the sense and perfected the metre.

Several of Miss Rives' sonnets are remarkably pretty, and two of them were given a place in 'American Sonnets,' a book lately published in London. One says Miss Rives' books are *risqué*, another says they are stupid, but anon the following item catches the eye: 'H. M. Alden, editor of *Harper's Monthly*, is reported to have said recently, 'Mrs. Chanler, or "that girl Amélie Rives," as you choose to call her, is the most wonderful literary genius of this century.' There was also something in the papers about her marriage to Mr. Chanler, but the story was not very highly coloured by the literary gossips.

These vague ideas which I have of the authoress are purloined from what *on dit* in the newspapers: She has black hair, red hair, golden hair, but of whatever colour, the commentators agree that it is always there in profusion and is brushed carelessly back with a sweep of the hand. She is short and stout; she is of average height and possesses medium plumpness; she is tall and slim. She is pretty and she is plain. Her works are very, very good, very, very commonplace, and very, very poor.

Here your newspaper reader would pause and add: 'This is what the newspapers have told me of Amélie Rives.'

The public press is a revolving panorama, showing diverse phases of many things, but never have the gossips more to say than of the things least important. Truly the newspaper is a great educator, but the old motto, nevertheless, holds good to-day: 'Don't believe all you read in the papers.' There are few things more paradoxical than public gossip.

Montreal.

HUGH COCHRANE.

THE 74th ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE.

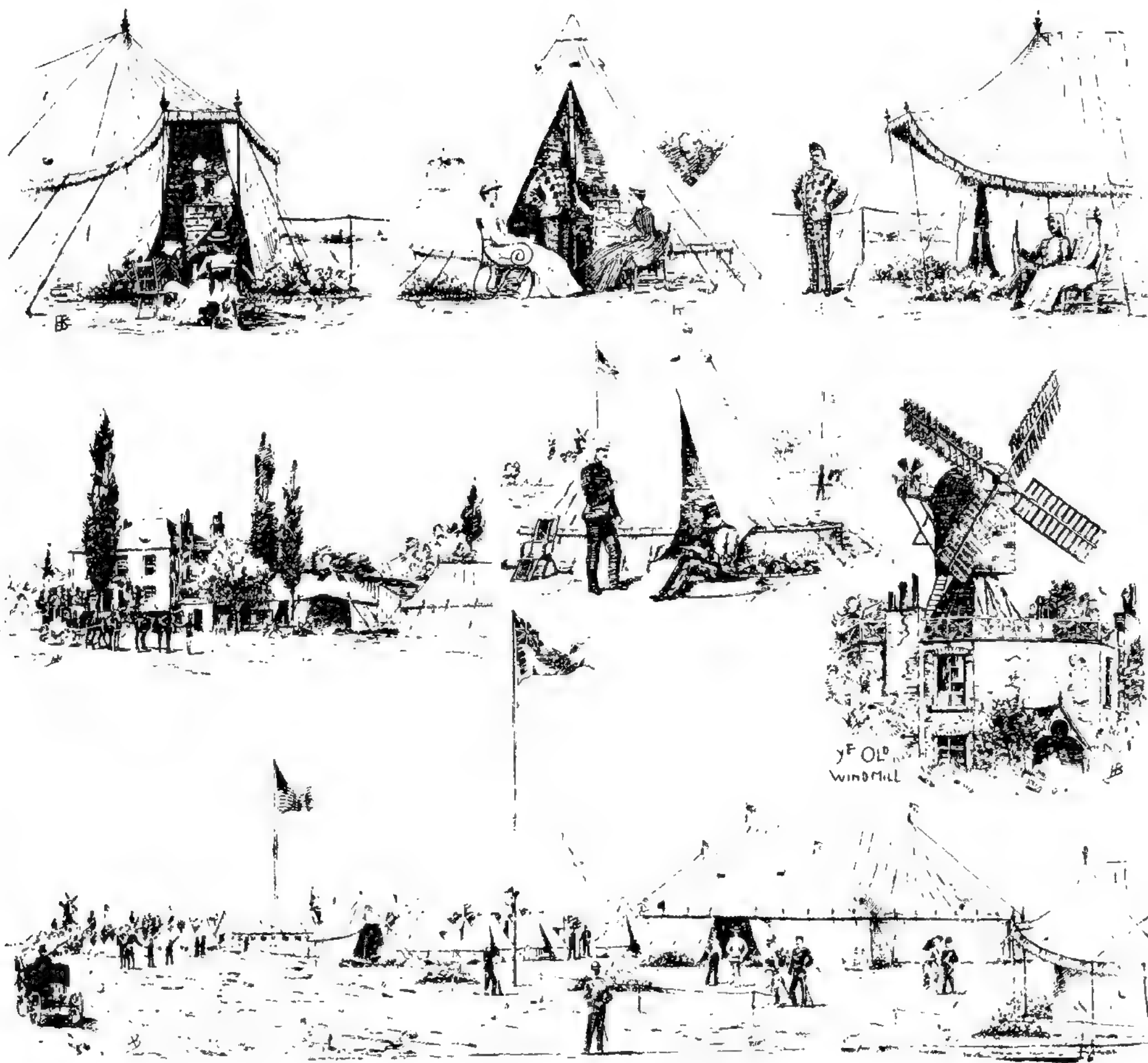
Fought 25th July, 1814.

Upon this hill where now we gently tread,
Mid graves and stones—memorials of the dead,
Where greenest turf and sweetest flowerets smile,
And whispering leaves to sacred thoughts beguile—
Where gathering ferre, with none to break our peace,
From meager thoughts we claim a short surcease,
We pause, and list to awful memories far
When from this height boomed forth the roar of war.
Soft contrast this to that fierce day and night,
When surge of battle hither rolled in might;
When shot and shell ploughed all the trampled ground,
And wounded, dead, and dying dropped around.
Pharsalia, not upon *this* dreadful plain
Lay in more frequent heaps the fallen slain!
But, O proud contrast! there Ambition fought,
And personal ends the conquering Caesar sought;
But here, 'twas Patriotism fired the fight,
And Drummond struck to save our dearest right.—
Drummond, whose name still lives in proud Quebec,
Shall save Niagara's foot be on thy neck?
Can Lundy's Lane unrun to Drummond live,
Or grudge thy memory all she had to give?
Thy right, O Canada, thy Drummond sought,
And from high justice all his valour caught.
He traversed not another's right To Be,
But sternly guarded thy sweet liberty.
What asks the patriot more? He knows but this—
His country and her welfare very his.
Her honour his, her greatness all his care;
Quick to defend, her woes his willing share;
Her name his pride, her future his own;
Each word and deed, seal for his heaven sown.
What asks the patriot more? For her to live,
Or gladly for her life his own to give.
Such were thy sons, O Canada, that fought for thee,
Sprung from the boundless West, or utmost sea.
Such are thy sons to-day—the same their sires—
Or French or British quick with loyal fires.
Here on this holy hill their bodies lie
As thick as stars that stud the winter sky.
Here on this hill baptized indeed with fire,
As from an altar may their flames aspire,
O Canada! Thou of the seven-fold bond;
Let evermore such sons in thee be found;
Let evermore thy sons thy guardians be,
High-souled and pure, CONTENT IF THOU BE FREE.

21st July, 1889.

S.A.C.

WIMBLEDON.



PEN AND INK SKETCHES

By Captain Bunnett.

The Colonel's tent.

Lady Warrage's Reception tent.

The U. S. camp.

Afternoon Tea.

Writing letters home.

The Adjutant's tent.

The old Windmill.

The Canadian camp.



SKETCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. Series IX.
By Mrs. Arthur Spragge.

1. General view of the Columbia Valley, shewing course of the Wai-a-bit River. 2. A Mountain Tennis Ground. 3. Peggy, the gray mare, at liberty.



HOME FURNISHING AND DECORATION.—Table Glass Ware.—A table glittering with prismatic, diamond-like hues, lending its brilliancy to deeply tinted flowers, and contrasting with the fair white of the linen covers and napkins—what hostess could desire a more beautiful sight to display to her guests. Not long ago she was fortunate if she possessed a few pieces of choice imported glass to mingle with the more formal service of silver and china which every good housekeeper was supposed to own. That was in the days when all, or nearly all, our cut glass was brought over from England. Now we have in America perhaps a dozen factories, at Corning, Pittsburg, New Bedford, Honesdale and elsewhere, in which a glass equal in quality and superior in brilliancy and whiteness to the imported ware, is manufactured, and their elegant products are seen everywhere. As with silver, the introduction of machinery into the manufacture has greatly lessened the expense of production. Nearly every article of table ware, and many other useful household articles are now made in glass, and of so strong, durable, and beautiful quality that it has become deservedly popular.

The connoisseur understands that the pattern of a cutting makes a vast difference in the price. Here, for instance, is a "hob-nail" cutting, in long lines, very handsome and effective, although its name belies its beauty, representing no more than half the work bestowed on this rich jewel-cut bowl, which closely imitates the cutting of a rose diamond, and dances out in a thousand bright rays. This "strawberry, diamond and fan" pattern is a combination of a diamond-shaped base at whose interstices a small strawberry leaf has been let fall and the outer edge finished in fan-shaped cuttings. The Russian, Maltese, prism and bead, Phoenix, raised diamond and old English are other handsome varieties of cuttings.

You will find all these glittering pieces arranged on mirrors in the sales-room, in order to still further dazzle the eyes of the purchaser. We may begin our tour of inspection anywhere. Here are several large tables crowded with globes for gas and electric lights. Some are finely etched in cactus, rose and a great variety of patterns; some, both etched and cut, but the most beautiful are full cut. They are seen in all shapes and sizes, with straight, fan-shaped, and convoluted sides. For electric lights the display is unusually fine. Drop an incandescent burner into one of these sparkling cones of glass and your room is fairly ablaze with the reflected and multiplied lights. The cutting is every bit as fine as that of the choicest table ware.

Here is a long array of tumblers of thick, deeply cut glass, in all sizes and a hundred different patterns. Something must be added to the sweetness of a draught quanted from such a receptacle. You may pay any price that you choose, according to the difficulty of the workmanship, but let me assure you that if your means do not warrant a large outlay, the patterns in long waving lines with beads interspersed are nearly as effective and much less expensive than the more ornate devices, especially if the piece is well covered. To accompany the tumblers, we are shown tall, slender-necked elegantly cut carafes, beautiful designs in pitchers, and ice-bowls and tubs. The carafes are new only in design, but are still very popular. One may see them at almost any restaurant, but they still hold their own. Some prefer the rich pitchers which are called jugs, and are very elegant in appearance. They are in tall, slender shapes, very richly cut, and have very strong thick handles. For some distance about the place where the handle is joined to the body of the pitcher, the glass is left entirely free from ornamentation, and when the vessel is filled with a coloured liquid, lemonade we will say, the handle appears to float on the surface. A pretty novelty is the individual water jug, which is really a little pitcher large enough to hold two glasses, perhaps, and is a graceful bit to put by

one's plate. The old-fashioned carafes with glass cup covering the mouth are no longer seen. Bowls, somewhat larger than the medium-sized finger-bowls, and designed for cracked ice, are placed at intervals about the table, a spoonful of the ice is put in each glass and water from the carafe or jug is poured in. Little glass tubs, quite high and narrow, are sometimes used for ice, but the suggestion is not exactly pleasant.

Salad, punch and lemonade bowls retain their usual shapes and are of such size as to display to the best possible advantage their brilliant cuttings. One immense bowl blazed in the light like a miniature sun. For a choice wedding gift nothing could be prettier than a cut glass ice-cream set, in the jewel pattern, with little diamonds surrounding each small plate, displaying the dainty morsel of pink, green or brown cream in pretty contrast. Each piece is worth a study. In general, plates are round, oval, or square and of noticeably generous dimensions, many of those shown measuring fully six or seven inches across. Berry and preserve dishes are similar in shape and may be used interchangeably except when the plate of ordinary shape is chosen for the cream. A pretty device is in the form of a large sea-shell, and may be used for flowers. The large, elegant berry-dish is an artistic addition to the table, especially when heaped high with red strawberries, raspberries, or the deeper-tinted later berries. Salad, punch and berry dishes are also used for fruit.

Celery glasses are in great variety. The very tall shapes are no longer seen. Some glasses, a trifle taller than a large tumbler, were handsomely finished in the fan design, others had the more brilliant Phoenix cut. One may select his own design, and order a glass of any shape. There is a pretty celery glass which looks like a bright diamond canoe in which the crisp celery stalks are laid, and several similar horizontal shapes which are also serviceable for asparagus.

Here is a mirror-table filled with finger-bowls, round, square, triangular, large and small, but mostly quite small, not over four and a-half inches across. The poor bowl assumes this crushed shape under pressure, and from circles that were wont to regard it with friendly eyes. A decided effort has been made of late, by certain society people, to do away with the bowl entirely on account of the space which it occupies. Its room was considered by some far more desirable than its company. Indeed, so numerous are the articles now placed by each plate at a grand dinner, that one is tempted to compare the spectacle to the display in a sales-room or a "set-out" of wedding presents. What with the plates, knives and forks, the spoons, butter, salt, pepper, sugar (the salt, however, is often relegated to the large old-fashioned dishes at either end of the table, which our grandmothers were in the habit of using), the bread plate, water jug and tumbler, the guest is liable to become a trifle bewildered. But the finger-bowl is an old and tried friend, and was not nor is it likely to yield its place to any new fancy. In its diminished form, it is still sufficiently large for the purpose of its existence. Some pretty engraved bowls of the First Empire style are strewn with small gold stars.

Flower bowls, or rose jars, are shown in bewildering variety, and in all sizes. Of course the large and more costly ones are the most conspicuous, but those of medium and small size are very elegant and serviceable. The larger ones are adapted only to the needs of showy flowers. A great handful of glowing Jacqueminots, or Baroness Rothschild roses, the exuberant, delicate pink peonies, or their aristocratic red sisters which are just finding their way from our grandmother's gardens to the city green-house, are fittingly arranged in one of these immense bowls. The smaller bowls may be placed by each plate, the larger ones occupy a far more conspicuous position, and are sometimes twelve inches across.

The individual sugar and cream receptacles are very dainty and rich. A really beautiful set finely cut, may be obtained for four dollars and a half or even less. The little pitcher or jug has a rather slender neck and is quite tall, while the sugar is daintily bestowed in a quaint little basket, heavy

enough not to be easily upset. This little set makes a modest but a very acceptable wedding gift.

Of small, odd pieces, there is a great variety. Irregular shaped dishes for olives, pickles, cheese, sweetmeats or bonbons, have large heavy handles and are thus conveniently passed around the table. Toilet bottles are low and broad, with immense, heavily cut stoppers, which are sometimes worth far more than the bottle itself. Some of the whisky, claret and champagne jugs are so elegantly finished that ladies purchase them for cologne and toilet waters.—*Good Housekeeping.*

THE TWELFTH OF AUGUST.

Its half-past six by us, p.m., so you will soon be wending
Your way up to the leeward edge, with pointer and with
gun,

For 'tis glorious Twelfth to-day, of honour never ending,
And we have not forgotten it beneath an Austral sun.

'Tis not so many years ago since you and I together
Were working on this very Twelfth the old Dumfriesshire
moor,

And treading, with elastic step, the fragrant, crackling
heather,

With "Dick" and "Ben," with noses down, were on the
grouses' spoor.

How grand it seemed for me, whose gun had lain since
February

Upon the gun-rack, suddenly to see his pointer stop
And stiffen out his tail, the while he stood erect and wary,
And waited, till you topped the ridge, upon the brood to
drop.

And grander still, on drawing near, to see the red grouse
springing

Before his well-trained nose, about as far as you could
kill,

And get both barrels on their heads, and shoot them cleanly,
bringing

A cock down right and left, stone dead, with scarce a
damaged quill!

And when the luncheon on the moor, with purple moun-
tains sweeping

Behind each other, wave on wave, as far as you could see,
And little tufts of moss and fern between the boulders peep-
ing,

To mark the brooklet's lair in case the ladies wanted tea.

Ethel had eyes as blue as were the August skies above her,
And hair as bright and sparkling as the bumpers of
champagne

With which we gave her Kentish fire. You would not help
but love her,
She was so dainty in her grace and gracious in disdain.

Mary was Vesta—lit the fire—Ethel our Dian, fairer
To shoot, the smile her sweetest thanks on any gentleman
Who chose to give her up his gun for half an hour and train
her—

Hippolyta the Second and a modern Marian.

Dressed all in tweed, with kilted skirt and manly Norfolk
jacket,

And curious eyes would note below a real shooting boot,
But so well shaped and tasteful that it seemed profane to
black it,

Laced tightly to the ankle of her arched and slender foot.

Is Ethel there with you, besieged with just as many lovers?
Or has she cried "Peccavi" to some fox-and-goose
bashaw,

And been transferred from running wild to strictly-kept
covers,

Where "Poaching will be met with all the rigours of the
law?"

I long to walk with you once more in your grand August
weather

Upon the old Dumfriesshire moor, with pointer and with
gun,

And scent the fragrance of the breeze that roams o'er sea
and heather—

I almost long to see an adder coiled up in the sun

Upon the warm dry peat beside the edge of the brown
water,

Or a hedgehog, or a stoat, for it would look so like old
times;

And I'd like to show Miss Ethel, too, if by herself I caught
her,

That I have lips for something else besides repeating
rhymes.

[The time in Victoria, Australia, is 9½ hours ahead of English time.]
—Douglas Sladen, in "A Poetry of Exiles."

The death is reported in Turkey of a Mohammedan
named Hadzi Sulejam Saba, who had reached the age of
132 years. He has had 7 wives, 60 sons and 9 daughters,
and had survived them all. At the time he married his last
wife he was 98, and when she joined the majority he wanted
to marry again, but the state of his finances did not permit.
Until four days before he ended his long career he did not
know what it was to be ill.

FASHION NOTES.

The queen of Corea is no figurehead. She has her voice in councils of the king and an establishment of her own inside the palace grounds. The queen dresses, of course, in Corea costume. She carries a chateleine watch, which is diamond studded, and smokes American cigarettes by the thousand.

Tulle bows, although as frail as a butterfly's wing are immensely popular still. They are made of the same colour as the dress, have a bow of ribbon at the ends and also another to them at the neck. But for the heat of Summer season the tulle bow is hardly appropriate and will melt after a few quick turns about the floor.

A lady travelling in Brazil a short time since brought as a souvenir to her friend a pin, the curious design of which struck her fancy. It is the profile of a half-breed Indian done in oxidized silver. The hair is represented by cutting the silver in innumerable facets that shine like jewels. Directly in the crown of the head is set the polished claw of a wildcat the curve of which turns backward. The whole is barbaric in its beauty, but the workmanship is faultless.

SEPARATE WAISTS FOR SUMMER SKIRTS.—French nainsooks or Victoria laws are made up in separate waists precisely like those of sarah now used, and will be worn all summer with various coloured skirts—a cool and comfortable fashion. They may be tucked lengthwise to form a yoke, or else they are shirred at the top. The sleeves are straight and full, or if preferred in coat shape, are quite full and high about the armhole. The belt may be of insertion or of ribbon, and the space below the belt may be worn outside the skirt or tucked under it, as the wearer chooses.

SLIPPERS FOR EVENING WEAR.—Slippers are more worn than boots for evening. Suede slippers and suede gloves are usual accompaniments for the evening toilet, but the newer mode is to wear slippers, of satin if necessary, to match the gown. The slipper has the pointed toe and high heel and is not very low in front. Silk bows as toecaps are used in ornamentation, but they must be small ones. The buckle is silver or gilt, sometimes jewelled, and may be large and square or smaller than those hitherto seen. Small pompons of gold or silver thread are occasional ornaments.

The designs in long lace pins grow more fanciful and beautiful each week. As they are thought of by a thoughtful young man to his *fiancée* were moonstones carved with utmost delicacy and skill, one the head of an Egyptian woman, the other a head of a Roman warrior. A crested helmet of tiny diamonds and emeralds and a breastplate similarly adorned brought his chiselled features into bold relief, while diamonds and rubies glittered in the strange head-dress of the Egyptian. Another quaint design was a long oblong pearl suspended from a crooked prong, with its upper half incrustated in diamonds to represent the shell of this pearl oar.

A lately imported Paris gown was worn the other day at one of a series of readings given in Mrs. Fred Vanderbilt's drawing-rooms at Newport. The lilac batiste that formed the back of the skirts and body of the waist was of the French manufacture, as fine as silk and sheer as muslin. The front and left side of the skirt was composed of a solid breadth of lilac silk mull, heavily embroidered in large square figures of white. In spaces between the figures ran dainty designs in lace work, as fine as cobweb. About the bottom of the skirts the mull was worked in deep points, showing alternate platings of lace and batiste laid beneath. On the right hip was caught a loop and a long end of moire sash that only half concealed a panel of lace and batiste platings. The back draperies were plain and plain. Alternate bands of moire and embroidered mull formed the waist-vert; the collar and cuffs were also of the mull.

A TENNIS COSTUME EXTRAORDINARY.—A pair of green silk stockings, embroidered with buttercups and finished off with a little pair of pigskin shoes. After these are on the wearer will array herself in an undergarment of gray-green silk, which looks like a petticoat, ruffled up to the waist, but which really consists of two petticoats, one for each limb and fastened to one belt, which gives her a freedom of movement she has never known before since she went out of short frocks. A little low necked silk bodice and drawn up the divided petticoat, and this is filled with lace shoulders and arms. The tennis dress proper is of a gray-green and embroidered with a deep border of buttercups done in gold-stained floss. The skirt is gathered in quite full and falls just the fragment of an inch below the ankles. The waist is a loose blouse of the Garibaldi shape, made of white serge, with a turnover collar, under which is knotted a yellowed about the waist. The sleeves are loose and full, and are gathered into a deep green cuff which reaches nearly to the elbow. Over this blouse goes a little green serge jacket, whose edges are embroidered with buttercups, which is lined throughout with silk of the same shade, and has no sleeves.—*London Court Journal*.

YACHTING GOWNS.—The material for yachting gowns this season is English serge. This is a genuine seawater-English material which has been found for many years in the time this season. It is double width, varies in price \$1.00 to \$1.25, and may be found in white and navy blue only. It is known by tailors as Isle of Wight serge, from its popularity at Cowes, the great yachting centre of the English world. Combinations of blue and white serge are used by

tailors for these gowns which must be simple. Drapery is dispensed with or merely suggested by slashing the skirt and the sailor's collar and tie are used in many of these dresses. A beautiful gown of dark blue serge has a straight skirt laid in box-pleats in front ornamented with lines of gold braid terminated with a gilt anchor at foot of each. A linen shirt waist with shield bosom standing collar with turned-down points exactly like a gentleman's dress shirt is worn with this skirt and jacket of blue serge which has a velvet collar turned back to show the linen waist, is ornamented with gold braid. Another pretty waist worn with a linen shirt waist and turned over collar is of striped blue and white serge and turned back in sailor revers of dark blue, ornamented with anchors of gilt. A beautiful yachting gown of white serge is made with a straight princess skirt with a full front breadth hemmed across the front with a pale blue hem and ornamented above with rows of pale blue braid. The full front of the waist is finished with a row of pale blue braid forming a square at the neck and pointed empire girdle at the waist line in front. The full sleeves are held down just above the elbow by several rows of braid. A white sailor hat and a ribbon band of blue completes the outfit.

MR. DOUGLAS SLADEN'S TOUR.

Mr. Douglas Sladen has been at Quebec. He left Windsor for the Windsor and Annapolis line for Annapolis, N.S., and is enthusiastic over the beauties of the Annapolis Valley and the picturesque-ness of historic Annapolis. Thence he went to St. John by the Sound steamer City of Monticello. At St. John he was met by Mr. Carter, editor of *Progress*, and called upon by Major Jack and Mr. Hannay, the historian, directly after his arrival. Mr. Carter then drove him around the city and on the following day Mr. Hannay took him over the historical parts. After a couple of days in St. John to collect materials for his loyalist poem, he went up to the St. John River to Fredericton and is loud in its praises. He thinks it one of the most charming river trips he has made. Parts of it remind him of the far-famed beauties of the Parramatta river and parts of the lower Rhine. He pronounces the steamers excellent. He spent three days at Fredericton, being shown over the Parliament houses and the Supreme Court by the Chief Justice and Judge Fraser and driven out to the Indian village by Mr. Carter, and then came on to Quebec by the New Brunswick Railway and the Temiscouata Railway, connecting with the Intercolonial at Riviere du Loup. This is a route lately opened, and he describes the scenery as superb. Nearly the whole line of the N. B. R. from Fredericton to Edmundton commands views of the St. John River, and on the run along Lake Temiscouata there is some of the finest lake scenery he has seen, while the little composite carriage is a gem of airiness and comfort, and the inn at Notre Dame—the anglers' headquarters—excellent. After leaving Quebec and paying their visits, Mr. Sladen and his party will proceed to Vancouver, stopping at Toronto, Niagara and other points of interest, in order to acquaint himself with the facilities of the great Canadian Pacific road for making Canada the highway between England and the East.

AT THE GRAVE OF ABRAM HULL.

[Abram Hull was a captain in the United States Infantry, and was killed in the battle of Vicksburg, 25th July, 1863, and interred on the battlefield, near to the spot where he fell, on the 25th July, 1863. The site of the grave was consecrated as a cemetery, and is now kept in order by the Lady's Lane Historical Society.]

Not that thou wast an enemy do I desire
Thy grave shall be no mound of weeds or mire;
My country's enemies are mine, and I would fight
With tireless arm to guard her sacred right.
Not that thou wast an enemy and I forget
The fierce incursion—unforgotten yet.
But that thou wast a mother's son, I'd keep,
For mother-love, thy bed in thy last sleep.
Lay'er, my son, in stranger-land a foe,
I would some mother-breast should pity know,
Some kindly hand should smooth, as I do now,
His last long pillow, and upon his brow
Drop gentle tears for one so brave and young.
Nor leave, for enmity, a warrior's dirge unsung.
S. A. CURZON.

TRoubles.—He who has learned the secret of a happy life will bow his head before life's storms, but will gladly raise it again to welcome the returning sunlight. Many of the troubles men suffer are unworthy and born of their fears; many of them are tried unworthy to dwell in their thoughts; many more are vainly contained within them the seeds of own part; and very many contain within them the seeds of good to themselves, and benefit to others that could be produced in no other way.



What's in a name? Most of the alphabet, in Russia.

A minister one day said in his pulpit: "We pursue a shadow—the bubble bursts and leaves ashes in our hands."

Western constituent: "So you're a Democrat! Give me your hand!" Washington belle (absent-mindedly): "Ask papa."

Ed (to Ada in her ball costume): "What a lovely girl you are!" Ada (simply): "You ought to see me when I am dressed!"

When a modern youth becomes ensconced in a street car, the ladies discover that he doesn't belong to the rising generation.

"However could you think of falling in love with such a homely fellow? His figure is something awful." "Yes, but he has a lovely one at the bank."

"All things come to him who waits," says the proverb, but the man who, after waiting half an hour, discovers that the last car has gone, is not a believer in it.

Proud mother: "Don't you think my little son looks very refined?" Blunt doctor: "Yes, indeed. Looks as if he could be knocked over with a feather."

A Yankee, describing an opponent, says: "I tell you what, sir, that man don't amount to a sum in arithmetic—add him up and there is nothing to carry."

Teacher: "Adams, do you know who made that noise?" Adams (who is the guilty one): "I know, but I do not like to tell." Teacher: "You are a gentleman, sir."

"How do you do, little boy?" "Got a cold in my head." "Oh, I guess not. What makes you think so, little boy?" "Cause my eyes leak and my nose don't go."

When it is one minute after eight o'clock it is past eight. When it is thirty minutes after eight it is only half-past eight. Here is another discovery to make the world pause and feel sad.

Fair shopper (in great store): "There, this novel will do. Don't wrap it up." Clerk: "Don't wrap it up?" "No, indeed. I'll sit down here and read it to kill the time while I wait for my change."

As they say their last "good-bye" a clock strikes ten, eleven, twelve. George: "How the time flies when you are by my side, dear." Daisy: "Yes, George; but that's papa in the dining-room setting the clock."

Husband: "Wife, I wish you had been born with as good judgment as I, but I fear you were not." Wife: "You are right. Our choice of partners for life convinces me that your judgment is much better than mine."

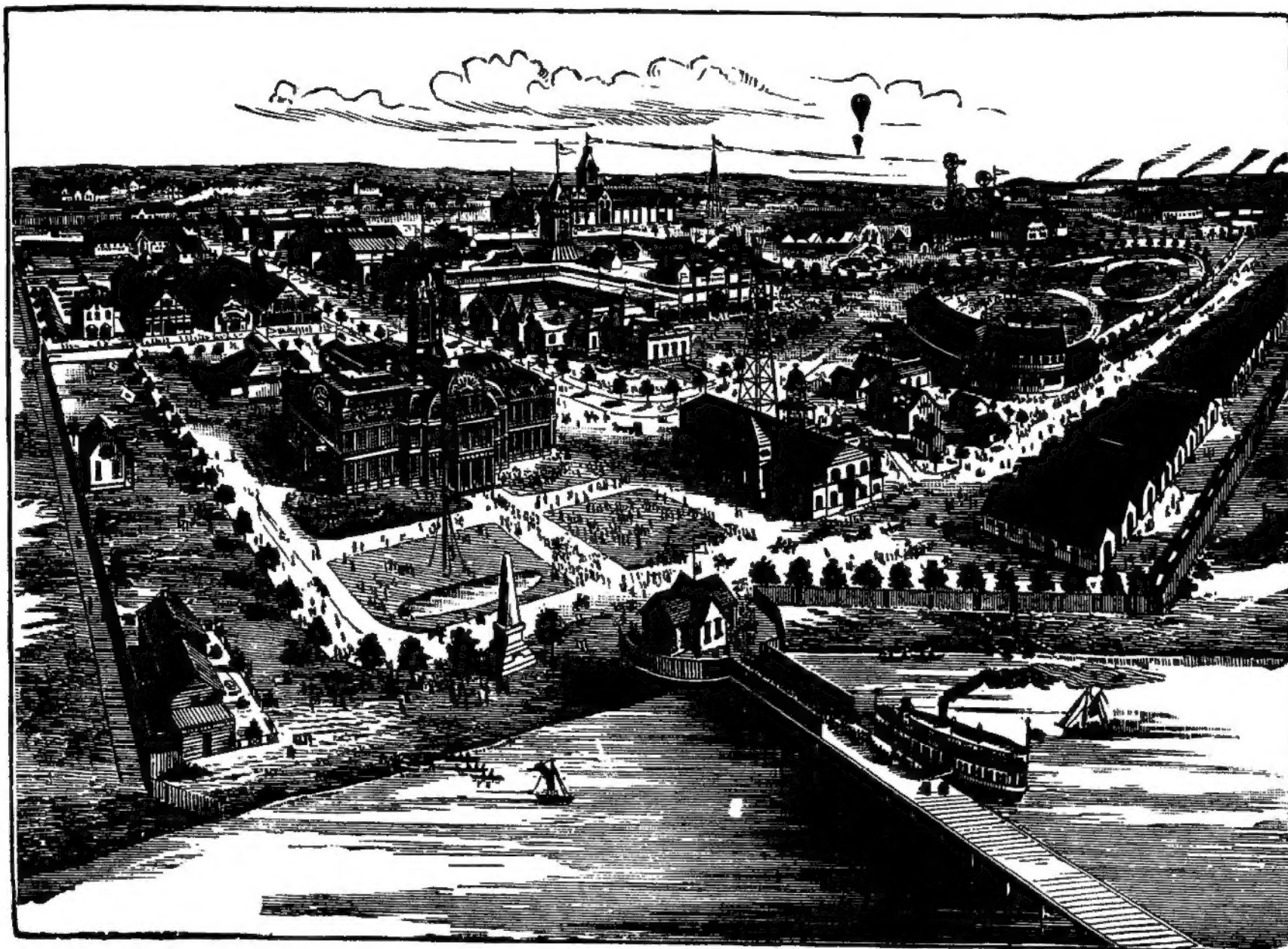
APPRECIATIVE.—(The young lady has just finished playing a selection from "Faust.") Old lady: "How nice! I always did like 'Home, Sweet Home.' The young lady (with a start): "Home, Sweet Home." Old lady: "Yes; Min plays it. I can always tell when she crosses her hands."

A Boston girl was married to a Chinaman named Charley June. The ceremony proceeded with much difficulty. When the groom was asked if he would take the bride to be his "wedded wife" he became confused; the clergyman suggested that the usual reply was "I will," but it was not till the bride had warmly said: "Say yes, or no, one or the other," that June came to time with "I will."

HOBBY'S DISAPPOINTMENT.—Bobby has been playing on the porch while his mother was calling within. She suddenly appears at the door with the hostess, ready to take her leave, when Bobby bursts into tears and cries: "Mamma, ain't you going to stay to lunch?" "No, dear." "Boo-hoo-hoo—well, you said you would—boo-hoo." (Painful silence, followed by rapid leave-taking.)

A NOVEL IDEA.—The other day a little fellow about seven years of age tumbled into the Clyde at a very deep spot not known as the "Bank Wheel." He was rescued by a fisherman, and, being taken home, was cautioned by his father and told never to go near the river again, for he would be sure to be drowned next time. "No, no, father," said the boy, "I had waded on to the big staves at the bottom and keep my mouth close, an' no' let the water get in."

DEAN MANSEL'S WIT.—In Dean Burgon's account of Dean Mansel, it is said the metaphysician was once driving out with Prof. Chandler and others, including a little girl, who suddenly exclaimed, *apropos* of a donkey by the roadside: "Look at that donkey! He has got his head into a barrel and can't get it out." Mansel was heard to mutter, "Then it will be a case of asphyxia." Equally good was his suggestion, on seeing the figure of Neptune in St. Paul's Cathedral, that the only Christianity it had to do with would be "Tridentine." On a student's stumbling vaguely through an answer in an exam, he is said to have addressed him with the words, "Really, sir, if you cannot be definite, you had better be dumb in it." But best of all, for neatness and brevity, was his remark on the appearance of a candidate having for Christian names "Field Flowers." "That man," said Mansel, "was born to be either ploughed or plucked," only he was neither, and is said now to be a colonial bishop.—*London Inquirer*.



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